

# SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 571, Vol. 22.

October 6, 1866.

Price 6d.  
Stamped 7d.

## THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE Eastern Question—which means the future extension of the vast Russian Empire, counterbalanced perhaps by the aggrandizement of other ambitious Powers—seems likely, within a few years or months, to unsettle still further the peace of Europe. The disturbances which are supposed to indicate general discontent among the subjects of the Porte exhibit in themselves a chronic and customary character. Half-civilized dependencies of a semi-barbarous Government are easily provoked by local grievances to insurrection. The Cretans who profess Christianity are the natural enemies of their Mahometan countrymen, and they have probably frequent reason to complain of the administration of Turkish officers. On the mainland of Asia, the Druses, who are neither Turks nor Mahometans, are engaged in one of their habitual feuds with the Maronites; and far off there are vague rumours of actual or meditated insurrections in parts of the European provinces of Turkey. It is uncertain whether the remote outbreaks of disaffection have the same origin, but it is evident that they may be turned to a common purpose. Wherever there is a Turkish province, there is probably a Russian agent, who makes it his business to provide his Government with contingent opportunities of interference. As all the various malcontent races profess some form of Christianity, the religious sympathies of Russia, and even of France, are always available for the promotion of discord and rebellion. By an unfortunate combination of circumstances, the Turks and their subjects have been stranded in the south-east of Europe from the middle ages, like the Alpine plants and animals which are supposed to be relics of a glacial period. From the Austrian frontier to the Black Sea and the Archipelago, from the Danube to the Levantine Isles, there is no tribe or political body which is either willing to submit to its neighbours or competent to govern them. The Latin-speaking Roumanians of the Principalities, the Slavonic races of Servia, Bulgaria, and Roumelia, and the Greeks of the Kingdom and of the commercial towns, are all impatient of Turkish supremacy, and irreconcilably jealous of one another. It is probable that, sooner or later, their divisions may lead to the accomplishment of Russian designs, and that their respective aspirations to national greatness and independence may be finally crushed under a leaden and uniform despotism. It has been the policy of England for seventy or eighty years to postpone the catastrophe by the exercise of a protectorate over Turkey which involved a limited right and power of control. Popular opinion has, however, apparently changed since the Crimean war, and in Lord PALMERSTON Turks and Rayahs alike lost their most efficient champion. From the impending revolution or conquest it seems to be expected that England will stand aloof, unless the national spirit is once more aroused by an attempt to close the Egyptian passage to India.

No prudent statesman would wish to maintain by force the decaying authority of the SULTAN. If all the Turkish provinces, one after the other, spontaneously threw off the existing yoke, their independence might be contemplated with perfect equanimity, if not with sanguine hopes for the cause of civilization. Wallachia and Moldavia have from time immemorial enjoyed internal freedom, and of late they have almost attained, as far as the Turkish Government is concerned, to political independence. Servia also is self-governed, notwithstanding the presence of a few Turkish garrisons in the fortresses; and Greece has now for forty years misused the freedom which had been heroically won. None of these districts would derive any benefit from the restoration or establishment of Turkish authority; but the advantages which they enjoy in their present condition are not calculated to excite envy. The worst consequence which could follow a successful revolt in Turkish Bulgaria would be a probable civil war between the Mahometans and the Christian popu-

lation. If the Turks were expelled from Constantinople itself, their absence would not be prejudicial either to good government or to commerce. It is to the extension of Russian dominion that English Governments have hitherto objected; and it is not a cause for rejoicing that the present circumstances of Europe offer encouragement to territorial cupidity in the East. The usual symptoms of ambition and intrigue are displaying themselves in various quarters. An almost unintelligible revolution in the Principalities has placed a Prussian prince upon the throne; Russian journalists are inviting the Americans to prove, by the seizure of some Greek island, that there is no MONROE doctrine for Europe; and it is said that Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's health requires the same sea air which is now recruiting the energies of NAPOLEON III. Count BISMARCK mysteriously hints to the House of Deputies that the affairs of the East may cause a demand for money and armaments, and as he at the same time throws doubts on the sincerity of the Austrian reconciliation, it is probable that he may contemplate an alliance with Russia. The French MINISTER for FOREIGN AFFAIRS, before his recent departure from Constantinople, seems to have regarded with jealousy the designs of Russia. The Cretan insurgents, or their Greek advocates, affect to rely with equal confidence on the patronage of all the rival Powers. One enthusiastic pamphleteer appeals in successive paragraphs to orthodox Russia, to the Emperor of the FRENCH, "the tutelary genius of nationalities," and to the Philhellenism of the country which produced "OLLAND, PALMESTON, and Sir EDOUARD GLADSTONE." If projects of selfish ambition were once sincerely renounced, it might probably be the interest or duty of Europe to encourage the efforts of Christian insurgents in Turkey; but at present it is difficult to believe that any of the aggressive Governments are influenced by genuine regard for the welfare of the population. The occasion of plunder is equally welcome, whether it is furnished by corruption or by simple weakness. Belgium and the lowland cantons of Switzerland, though they are among the best-governed countries in the world, are at this moment scarcely safer than Turkey.

Twenty years ago the peace of the world had for more than one generation been secured by the determination of the Great Powers to maintain the actual distribution of territory. Since that time the validity of international compacts has been rudely impeached, and the federation of the Five Powers has been altogether dissolved. Its last work was the Peace of Paris concluded in 1856, and the changes which have since taken place on the Continent have diminished in many respects the security for peace. The formation of great national Powers in Italy and Germany, although highly beneficial to those who were immediately concerned, has supplied a plausible precedent for political innovation. The Emperor of the FRENCH boasts that he has destroyed the Treaties of 1815, and Russian diplomacy already hints that the compacts of 1856 are not more binding than the arrangements of Vienna. The logic of ambition is fertile in convenient sophisms. From the undoubted proposition that justice and national welfare sometimes require a disregard of positive institutions and dynastic rights, it is easy to deduce the invalidity of national obligations, and the paramount claims of irresistible force. Because Germany and Italy have preferred unity and independence to the obsolete provisions of the Treaties of Vienna, Russia threatens to reclaim the price which was paid in 1856 for the conclusion of an indispensable peace. As soon as the scheme of conquest is matured, there will be no difficulty in finding a cause of quarrel with the destined victim. In 1853 France and Russia deliberately involved Europe in war, because two hostile gangs of riotous fanatics had, according to their custom, been fighting in Palestine for the possession of some idolatrous trinkets. An opportune insurrection in Bulgaria or Roumelia would furnish a more plausible excuse for intervention than the barbarous squabbles of the Greek and Latin Churches at Jerusalem.

The insecurity of Turkish dominion deserves little sympathy, and it inspires even less, if possible, than it deserves. The Ottomans first taught their neighbours the use of standing armies, and the lesson has borne abundant fruit. Alone among the nations of Europe, England is still unwilling to admit that fighting is the principal business of mankind, or that the benefits of peace ought habitually to be sacrificed to the possibility of war. It is the absence of a conscription in Great Britain which renders Russia and France and Germany indifferent to English wishes and remonstrances; and it now seems that even a conscription is inadequate to satisfy the demands of the modern Moloch. The Emperor of the FRENCH is uneasy because he can only place 600,000 disciplined troops in the field in six weeks; and Austria infers, from the recent collapse of her enormous armaments, that they ought to be reconstructed on a vaster scale. It is doubted whether the entire armed population of Switzerland would be numerous enough to meet the hordes of a possible invader; and newsmongers, in reporting the supposed agreements of Prussia and France, forget to inquire whether four millions of Belgians wish to surrender their independence. The Eastern question may perhaps, like other uninviting problems, eventually receive some comparatively desirable solution. For the present it seems to be dependent exclusively on the force which may be available for purposes of selfish ambition.

#### THE POSITION OF PRUSSIA.

THE triumphant success of Count BISMARCK in the Chambers, where he had everybody on his side except some four-score Ultramontanes, may seem to confirm the doctrines of people who believe in strong government. The passing of the Loan Bill by an overwhelming majority, and the complete confidence with which the foreign policy of the country has been left to the Cabinet, to be fashioned as they shall think best, are, when superficially looked at, striking illustrations of the weakness of constitutional scruples in the face of military triumph. It has often been remarked that, if CHARLES I. had been a great conqueror, his subjects would have paid as much ship-money as he pleased to demand. And it is because the Prussian Ministry has been victorious in the field that it is also victorious in the Chambers. There is, however, a very important point to be remarked in this connection. It cannot be mere absolutism or unconstitutionality to which the present vigour and robustness of the great North German Power are due. For the rise of Prussia has been, and still is, the result of a corresponding fall in the most absolute and anti-constitutional Government in Europe. If hatred and contempt for a constitutional system were the secret of political strength, Austria would be the irresistible dictator of the Continent at the present instant. Count BISMARCK's policy has been successful because, at bottom, it is in essential accordance with the democratic programme. Rash admirers of what is called Caesarism insist on counting the BISMARCK episode among the momentous events in history which are supposed to favour their theory. But they overlook the desperate peril of the experiment. After Sadowa, it was a very plain and easy matter to ask for an indemnity for all the illegal Budgets. But suppose that Sadowa had been a defeat, or that it had been neutralized by some overwhelming disaster in front of Vienna? Even as it was, the demand for indemnity showed how conscious the Minister was of the weakness which his anti-constitutional attitude had entailed upon him. In any case, the present power of Prussia, and the invincible front which she offers to the rest of Europe, are due as much as to anything else to the conviction in Prussia that Count BISMARCK is, voluntarily or otherwise, playing the Liberal game. This conviction secures that internal unity and agreement which is essential in the presence of jealous, hostile, or rapacious observers on the outside. The French Empire has grown up from different ideas and with different traditions, and therefore the representative of Caesarism in France procures this unity practically by coercion. The internal harmony of Prussia is not artificially imposed in this way, but springs from a sagacious recognition of the fact that, in the long run, the ruin of Austria and the demolition of the princelets must make up more than a thousand times for the ground that was lost in the former quarrel of the Budgets. Among the thousand sinister rumours which, as usual, continue to fill the air at the close of a momentous revolution, is one to the effect that the opposition to the Bill about the North German Parliament in the Landtag of Mecklenburg is secretly supported by the Prussian Government, and that, should the opposition prove successful, it

will be made a pretext for abandoning the idea of a North German Parliament altogether. No substantial grounds can be found for believing such a report, which is probably only one of many that are at present being circulated by the partisans, not of constitutional, but of absolute government, who feel that the Berlin Cabinet has finally broken with the retrograde factions in Germany. If, however, there should prove to be any truth either in this or any other report of an intention on the part of the Ministry to shirk the Parliament which has been promised and which is so eagerly anticipated, it will certainly be then seen how much of Count BISMARCK's strength is due to the Liberals, whom he is too hastily supposed to have politically annihilated, and how ill he could dispense with their countenance in the conflict with German reactionists.

The Chamber is said to have listened with marked solemnity and deference to the Minister's statement that all danger on the side of Austria was not yet at an end, for it was clear, from official communications, that "the spirit of conciliation had not entered the Imperial Court with the conclusion of peace." The Deputies were no doubt able, without the aid of official communications, to realize the probability of such a state of feeling. In spite of the abysmal chaos in which the councils of Vienna appear to be involved, a Government with Austrian traditions is not likely, even after a crushing defeat in the field and a profound humiliation in diplomacy, to succumb without a murmur or a struggle. The tenacity of a decaying Power is apt to increase with the progress of the decay, as Austria's holy client at Rome does his best to help Austria to prove. The hopefulness of the deposed King of HANOVER, and his refusal to recognise what has been done, are a proof that a reaction is thought possible, though of course recollections of the family obstinacy of a GUELPH should prevent us from attaching too much importance to any hopes that may be expressed in this quarter. Still, with a population that is supposed to be decently attached to him in spite of the amazing and delightful "presence of mind" displayed in the stowing away alike of cash and of the Royal person, even King GEORGE might prove a source of inconvenient interruptions to the progress of Prussian consolidation. And, besides, on general grounds it is absurd to suppose that the loss of a single campaign, however crushing and decisive, will be enough to extinguish feudal and absolute ideas in Germany. It is one thing to alter the lines in the map of Europe which marked Austria in German colour, and another and a very different thing to alter the ideas which made Austria a Power in Germany. Austria is no longer a part of the Germanic Confederation, but the notions and principles of which she was the arch-representative, protector, and champion, still survive. They survive, of course, with vastly diminished force and influence, but they have still force enough left to occupy Prussia for a very great many years to come, unless she were to choose to enter on violent Napoleonic courses, of which at present there is little probability. The battle of Sadowa and the Treaty of Prague have weakened, but they have not by a long way put an end to, the pestilent influence in Europe of the people who believe in the divine right of kings, and the blessedness of privilege, and the virtue of blue blood, and the mischievousness of reason and scientific inquiry. It was of all this, though probably in a less abstract way, that the Prussian Finance Minister was no doubt thinking when he declared so tersely that "in such a position the unforeseen often plays the most important part." That is to say, the precise amount of vitality which may still be left in reactionist ideas is doubtful. They are rapidly hastening to the edge of that downward slope on which they have been set for so long; but, just as after '89 came 1815, so after the great revolutionary or Liberal victory of 1866 there may come another temporary revival of the obsolete feudal spirit, which may keep back the cause of progress for another half century. The Prussian Government can see the possibility of a movement of this sort. The conduct of the King of SAXONY may warn them that this, which they fear, their adversaries also are hoping. The reluctance of that Sovereign to accept the best terms that he appears likely to get is credibly explained by his confidence in the resurrection of feudal influence at the Court of Berlin. No sooner was the terrible Minister accidentally disabled from attending the Royal Council than personal negotiations were entered into between King JOHN and King WILLIAM; and the latter, at all events, seemed disposed to deal so tenderly with his anointed brother as to allow him to think that peace would be at once concluded in the interests of the Saxon Court. Perhaps, if Count BISMARCK's



neuralgic attack had been severer and more prolonged, he might have recovered to find Saxony triumphant, and, so far, feudalism and Austria triumphant also. Religious or revolutionary fanaticism would probably be glad to see Count BISMARCK struck down with something a good deal more final than neuralgia. Feudalists commonly stop short of assassination, except when they can egg on some plebeian maddened by religious hatred; but a position in which expiring ideas are warmly excited by severe defeat, and by fast-approaching ruin which only immediate action can for a time avert, is very justly described as one in which the unforeseen plays the most important part.

If we remember all the perils which lie in the path of Prussia, we shall see the improbability of any aggressions being just now attempted on her part outside of Germany. Journalists may, indeed, point out, with menacing significance, to their brother railers in the newspapers of Belgium, that in that country a Flemish or French-speaking minority keeps down a Walloon majority which speaks a language that is akin to Dutch. Perhaps a partition of Belgium is not by any means an impossible contingency, and the announcement that Count BISMARCK has taken an apartment in one of the Biarritz hotels for the end of the month will increase the uneasiness which is but too reasonably felt by our Belgian neighbours. Still, with the great German Parliament looming in the future, and Austrian influences threatening him from behind, the Minister may well be of opinion that he has his hands full. Even the close *rapprochement* which is reported with Bavaria, should it prove a fact, will perhaps increase the difficulties of the situation, by still further irritating the petty jealousy of the French. Indeed, it is said that the mere rumour has had this effect already. Those Frenchmen who sympathize with Austria because she is Papal, and those who hate Prussia because she has rivalled the military glory of France, may together prove too formidable for their wishes to be safely disregarded.

#### THE IRISH PROBLEM.

WHEN the rest of Europe shows signs of perplexity and a fear of impending danger, it would be strange indeed if Ireland exhibited a sense of security and repose. Outwardly there is nothing to strike the ear or the eye of the casual traveller, beyond the natural discontent which has been provoked by incessant rains and damaged crops. This discontent, too, has been partially mitigated by the compensatory immunity from the cattle-plague which enables Ireland to prosper on the calamity of England. With a brisk exportation of oxen and butter, with an abundant turnip crop, and with a potato crop which is at all events more promising than that of England, Ireland has, despite the unusual clouds and rains of the present autumn, few material causes of complaint. But material prosperity or adversity has unfortunately ceased to have much to do with the content or discontent of Ireland. As in the individual constitution there often exists a *malaise* which is independent of any ascertained disease, so in the Irish national temperament there is at present a sensation of uneasiness which has little or no connection with national suffering. On the contrary, the English tourist who remembers the Ireland of twenty years ago finds many changes of a cheering and consolatory nature. In the neighbourhood of Dublin suburban hamlets have grown into thriving townships, fringed with handsome villas and tasteful gardens, and signalized by the introduction of hotels which emulate the modern hotels of England fully as much in their charges as in anything else. In Dublin itself the stranger who has visited it before is struck by nothing so much as the conspicuous absence of that which was once its most characteristic feature, its pervasive and obtrusive mendicancy. In the North he sees the expansion of a manufacturing industry to which the only drawback is the insufficiency of the available hands, and an improvement in agriculture which courts comparison with the best-farmed lands of England. On the surface all is fair, prosperous, and promising. But any one who penetrates beneath the surface learns that the mind of the people is disquieted, and that all are apprehending a time of conflict and disturbance, though perhaps no three persons would assign the same causes for these ebullitions. The lower classes in the South are less communicative and less courteous than they used to be; but still it is easy to collect, from their abrupt speech and imperfect hints, that they have not foregone all intention of trying conclusions with the Government. Among the higher classes there remains the conviction that the coming winter will repeat the terrors of the last, and that the peace and comfort of every respectable household

will be at the mercy of its own servants, and of every man in the neighbourhood who is not too rich, too English, or too Protestant to conspire against law, order, and property. Add to this the ominous threatnings muttered against the Established Church of Ireland, and the more ominous pleas urged in its defence, and it is not surprising if many believe that a darker cloud than usual is now gathering over the island whose normal condition is one of vexation to us and to herself.

Indeed, the complication of parties and grievances is more than Irish in its strangeness. While Ireland generally, in spite of the famine and of strikes and of bad seasons, is far richer than she was a few years ago, large numbers of the people are brooding over a plan the execution of which must stop her material progress. If there is one thing which she wants more than any other, it is secure tranquillity. Yet the wrongheaded instincts of her peasantry are preparing for her a season of turbulent sedition which must paralyse every useful enterprise, and dry up the sources of wages. While every year proves that her advancement depends upon the thorough realization of the Union and the identification of her fortunes with those of England, the innate perversity of a numerous section of her people is striving to precipitate a rupture, the issue of which, if it could possibly be successful, would be to convulse her with intestine dissensions for a century, and then to soothe her by the opiate of foreign domination; if unsuccessful, as it must be, to prolong the throes of alternate resistance and repression until existence in such a country should become absolutely intolerable. That the complication may be complete, it is only necessary to add that inquiry the most rigid fails to discover any adequate grievances for this discontent, or any sufficient remedy for the grievances which do exist. Not that the old harvest of complaints has died out in Ireland. They are as rife, and just as reasonable, as ever. If any man visited Ireland just now with the object of examining into their pretexts, he would find no lack of them. One man would tell him that he could not get the place under Government that he sought; another, that he could not get the clerkship in the Bank, or in an attorney's office, or in the magistracy, for which he considered himself peculiarly fitted. For every individual disappointment Government would be held responsible. For every wound inflicted on individual self-love the only remedy would be separation from England. This disproportion between a man's estimate of himself and the estimate which others form of him explains why, among the younger branches of the educated middle-class, so many are found to encourage the foolish machinations of the disaffected peasantry. These, in their turn, have fixed their hearts on one thing, and one thing alone. They desire to repossess themselves of lands forfeited more than two centuries ago. They believe that they can pitch on the true heirs; they believe that a successful insurrection would enable them to reinstate these in their possessions; and, what is stranger still, they believe that such a reinstatement would be followed by peace and harmony with one another, and with submissive resignation on the part of England.

This hope rests upon feelings and sympathies unknown to and unshared by the mass of Englishmen. We do not understand it, or its foundation. Many of us do not even believe in its existence; and when we hear of the wrongs of Ireland, we are apt to coin wrongs to correspond with the complaints which we hear. Of course, the most signal and prominent wrong which occurs to the English mind is the Irish Established Church. Such an anomaly would be a gross injustice in England; therefore Englishmen infer that it would be the same thing in Ireland. It is, however, worthy of remark that in Ireland it is seldom so denounced, except by Liberal doctrinaires of the middle-class, and by the Romish priests. The peasantry and small farmers, as a rule, do not speak of it as a grievance, because they do not feel it to be a grievance. The process under which the tithe-charge is collected does not affect them personally. They are not brought into collision with the parson or tithe-collector. All they pay for their holdings they pay to their landlord, who is generally a Protestant, and what portion of this rent passes, in the shape of tithe, to the Protestant rector is quite immaterial to TERENCE and THADY. Perhaps their solicitude might be keenly stimulated if they were assured that, by the subversion of the Protestant Establishment, a portion of this rent would be handed over to the Romish curate, and thus save them from further contributions. But this scheme, which is viewed with such favour by certain English politicians, is viewed with equal disfavour by two classes very nearly interested in the question. The Protestant landlords are reluctant to

become the paymasters of the Romish priests, and the priests avow a holy horror at receiving any payment except from the voluntary contributions of the faithful. While the Liberal politician is devising schemes for the relief of the Irish Catholics which neither the priests nor their flocks appreciate, the Irish Protestants are furious at the suggestion of plundering a Church which they believe to be the sole depository of Divine truth in the island, and the mainstay of the English connection.

On the whole, the imbroglio is complete. The grievances which the Irish groan under are neither recognised nor understood in England; and, if they were understood, would find no sympathy. The grievances which English Liberals imagine for Ireland touch no chord of the Irish heart. The tenant-right, which English politicians innocently imagine would remedy the evils of Irish tenancy, does not approximate to that right in the soil which the Irish cottier deems to be indefeasibly vested in every occupant. The destruction of the Irish Church, which satisfies the utmost stretch of English justice, would not only not satisfy the Irish Roman Catholics, but would exasperate every Irish Protestant to the verge of disaffection. The separation of Ireland from England—if such a contingency can be seriously discussed—would at the same time give every foreign enemy the best offensive position against England, and hand Ireland over to the worst furies that could be invoked against her—the feuds and passions of her own angry factions. In whatever direction we look, we see matter for doubt, distrust, and apprehension. No Government can be blamed for not mastering the Irish difficulty. The utmost that can be done at present is to keep down sedition, and repress the first attempts at seditious drillings, demonstrations, and plunder. And, by way of commencing well, it might not be amiss to examine the associations and sympathies of the Roman Catholic members of the Irish Police.

It is painful to confess, but we fear it must be confessed, that the mistakes of the English Government in Ireland are almost irreparable, save by the aid of time. The fact is, the whole system of Parliamentary Government and the whole tone of the English mind are entirely alien from the habits and instincts of the Celts, who still constitute the great majority of the Irish people. Ireland would have preferred a dynasty of powerful and benevolent despots, whose will was as strong as their prerogative, and their munificence unbounded. Such rulers, representing a Providence on earth, crushing the rebellious and rewarding the well-affected, constructing great public works and employing thousands of labourers, would have won enthusiastic loyalty and devotion from a people who in the mild radiance of a remote Sovereign see no object of veneration or regard, and who recognise, in the machinery of Parliament, only the instruments of political corruption. As it is, Irish ingenuity has culminated in the absurdity of devising, as a panacea for the wrongs of a people who must have something to respect and somebody to look up to, a Republic, in which each man will be as good as his neighbour "and a great deal better too." Pity is it that CROMWELL began his process of eradication at all; or that, having begun it, he did not more fully complete it, and thus leave us to deal with a people more like ourselves in instincts, in habits of thought, and in religious sympathy. Pity is it that in the year of grace 1866 an Englishman is obliged to admit that, in critical times, the best guarantee for the adhesion of Ireland is to be found in the intolerant Protestantism and narrow loyalty of the Province of Ulster.

#### AMERICA.

IT appears that the contest between the American PRESIDENT and the Radical party is virtually decided. It is admitted by common consent that the autumn elections in almost all the Northern States will ratify the policy of exclusion and coercion. The PRESIDENT has advocated the system of prudence and conciliation in a series of violent and injudicious speeches, and, on one occasion at least, he ventured on the extravagance of denouncing Congress as an illegal and usurping body. His rashness and bad taste would perhaps have ruined even a hopeful cause, but there is no reason to suppose that the most consummate tact and judgment would have produced a substantially different result. When parties are divided, the attractive force of the component fragments is in the ratio of their respective magnitudes, and the extreme Republicans have converted their original majority into an almost unanimous organization. The next Congress will perhaps impeach the PRESIDENT, and it will certainly overrule him. The uncertainty of American

opinion renders it impossible to foresee the conditions of the Presidential election of 1868. The promoters of the Philadelphia Convention are said to have elected General GRANT as their candidate, in consequence of the indiscretion and consequent unpopularity of Mr. JOHNSON; and if the nomination is confirmed and accepted, the Unionists will have a considerable chance of success, even if the voting is confined to the Northern States. With the aid of the South, the PRESIDENT might perhaps even now command a majority of votes; but the North has exclusive possession of the Senate and the House of Representatives, with the power and the will to disfranchise its former enemies and present antagonists. As far as Mr. STEVENS and his friends have disclosed their intentions, they appear to follow with singular fidelity the precedent of English rule in Ireland, as it was managed in the first half of the eighteenth century. The so-called loyalists of the South exceed their Northern allies in violence, precisely as the Orangemen were more devoted than English Cabinets or Parliaments to the cause of Protestant supremacy. In the late Radical Convention at Philadelphia, the Southern delegates, representing themselves and a handful of associates, almost forced on their unwilling colleagues the dangerous issue of negro suffrage. The comparison, in truth, is unjust to the Orangemen, who have always formed a powerful section of the people of Ireland. The Radicals of the South are, except in some counties of Eastern Tennessee and Western Virginia, regarded by their countrymen only as individual malcontents and traitors. To strengthen their hands by external aid, and to augment their number by confiscation and immigration, is the statesmanlike design of the dominant party in Congress. Yet it would be unfair to deny that the Radical policy admits of a plausible apology. The authors of the Irish penal laws were not better provided with forcible and sincere arguments of expediency and even of apparent justice. A "National Committee," which represents the dominant party, has proved, in a well-written address, that the PRESIDENT himself has, by his official acts, repeatedly assumed a right of conquest over the South. "If there be any controversy as to the right of the loyal States to exact conditions and require guarantees of those which plunged madly into secession and rebellion, the supporters respectively of ANDREW JOHNSON and of Congress cannot be antagonist parties to that contest, since their record places them on the same side." The question, however, is not whether Mr. JOHNSON is justified in reproaching Congress with usurpation, but how far it is possible to impose conditions on coequal members of a Federation. It is true that the increase of the electoral power of the South, consequent on the liberation of the slaves, constitutes a legitimate grievance. To foreigners nothing can seem fairer than the proposal that the weight of each State in the Union shall be in proportion to the number of its enfranchised or voting population. Such a compromise might certainly have been effected if the Republican leaders had not insisted on additional and harsher conditions. When Mr. BROWNLOW threatens the South with fire and sword, and when Mr. STEVENS proposes confiscation, the readjustment of the suffrage ceases to be important or interesting.

An ingenious American, who from time to time advocates Republican opinions in the English press, has lately cautioned political critics against a repetition of their supposed error in having failed during the war to declare themselves early enough in favour of the strongest side. If there were any object in raising such a controversy, English politicians might vindicate their own sagacity by proving that they had foretold, from the very commencement of the struggle, the exact character of the embarrassments which have followed the Northern victory. The warning, however, against partisanship in foreign disputes is sound, although it is one-sided. The business of commentators on current history is to observe and to record, rather than to apologize and persuade. If the Union and the Constitution are of the paramount importance which is attributed to them in American speeches and writings, it can scarcely be justifiable to exclude one-third of the States from their share in the Federal Government and legislation; but the people of America are not bound to be consistent, and they are the sole judges of the expediency of superseding legal compacts by an appeal to fundamental principles. The Northern majority virtually insists on the right of conquest when it strives to perpetuate the dominion which its arms have won. It is perfectly true that the Constitution includes no provision for a state of affairs which its framers would have deliberately refused to anticipate as possible. The dangers, to the Republican party, of the PRESIDENT's system are sufficiently



obvious and urgent. The Senators and Representatives who are unconstitutionally excluded from Congress would, on their admission, reverse the balance of power by voting on all occasions as one man against the party which is at present supreme. Political suicide is a disagreeable necessity, even when it is imperatively required by constitutional logic. Negro suffrage might possibly avert the danger, by prolonging under another name the disfranchisement of the ruling race in the South. CHARLES I. was accused of forming a similar alliance with the native Irish against English and Protestant interests. The creation of faggot votes on an unprecedented scale may perhaps be a successful device; but the South will not be a living portion of the Union when it has been politically swamped.

The right of admission to Congress is, after all, of secondary importance, for, if the Southern States retain the control of their own internal affairs, they can well afford to wait for representation at Washington. The condition of the conquered provinces is in many respects obscure, nor is it known how far the Federal functionaries continue to interfere with the ordinary conduct of affairs. After the New Orleans riots General SHERIDAN appears to have exercised a dictatorial authority over both the hostile parties; but there are wide regions in the South which are beyond the reach of Federal garrisons or officers. Missouri and Tennessee seem to be always on the verge of civil strife, while Virginia, Georgia, and the Carolinas are silently recovering from the disasters of war. If the Republicans maintain the Freedmen's Bureau, it will be necessary to increase the army of occupation, and to supersede, for many purposes, the State tribunals. Freedom, in America as in England, has been hitherto secured by the limitation of central activity, and more especially by the non-existence of a bureaucracy. If a community is to be governed without its own participation or consent, it will be absolutely necessary to provide, under some denomination, prefects, intendants, or captain-generals. American politicians are seldom wanting in boldness or ingenuity, but it is still difficult to believe that ten or eleven States can be permanently administered by Federal officers.

There is, unfortunately, some reason to fear that domestic embarrassment may seek an issue in foreign war. The shameless offers of the Republican leaders have been accepted by the Fenian conspirators, and the Irish vote is for the first time given against the Democrats, and in favour of the negro. General BANKS carried a modification of the Neutrality Laws, at the close of the Session, with the avowed object of facilitating a piratical invasion of Canada. The PRESIDENT, who has hitherto displayed good faith and regard for international right, has thought it necessary to bid against his opponents by professions of sympathy with what is called the cause of Ireland. If the invasion of Canada is renewed, the ruling party is pledged to favour the enterprise, and it is possible that in a few months the PRESIDENT may be suspended from the exercise of his functions by the process of impeachment. The lawless wickedness of the scheme adds to its popularity in a community which is habitually ashamed of scruples, and fearful only of being thought accessible to fear. The Fenians themselves are contemptible, although they may possibly be troublesome; but the countenance of which they are assured may possibly involve a rupture between England and the United States. The claim of sympathy with the Republican party implies a sublime confidence in the disinterested generosity of the English nation.

#### ARCHBISHOP MANNING ON THE TEMPORAL POWER.

IF argument is to be of any use, there must be a possibility of reducing the terms employed to a common logical denominator, and with this conviction we may at once dismiss from consideration a large part of Archbishop MANNING's recent Pastoral. Where the difference between disputants is a difference of first principles, the sooner they retire from the discussion the better for both their tempers. Each party may very well have established his position by a chain of triumphant ratiocination, and the only drawback to the success of the process is that neither of them has conceded to the other the postulate on which his proof is built. Archbishop MANNING conscientiously believes that the government of Rome may be administered on a different system from that which prevails in any secular State, because its sovereign is a spiritual as well as a temporal prince. We, on the contrary, are unable to admit that, if the same man chooses to unite two distinct functions in his own person, he has any right to sacrifice one to the other. Whether it would be possible under any circumstances to avoid doing so is not material to

the question, since, if it be not, the attempted combination stands condemned by the fact of the impossibility. The POPE has undertaken the same duties as any other ruler, and we can see no ground for exempting him from the penalties to which every other ruler is subject. We do not wish, as Archbishop MANNING seems to think, to degrade the POPE's title below those of his brother sovereigns; we only protest against setting it up on a pinnacle altogether above them. A revolution in Rome, supposing such a thing to happen, must be judged by the same standard as a revolution in Tuscany or Naples, in Poland or Hungary. We know of no *a priori* law which is applicable to one country more than to another. In all alike, sovereign and people have their mutual rights and their reciprocal duties; and the issue whether a revolution is justifiable must be determined in all alike by the degree in which the rights have been outraged, or the duties neglected. When Archbishop MANNING attempts to apply an exceptional test to the case of the POPE's subjects, he is simply sacrificing the principles of morality to the supposed interests of religion. The people of Rome, who may conceivably be Jews or Protestants, are to be condemned to regard their own temporal welfare as something altogether subordinate to the spiritual advantage of the rest of Christendom. If Archbishop MANNING sees nothing monstrous or unjust in the maintenance of such a position as this, it is clearly useless to attempt to convince him of its unsoundness. To do that we must supply him, not only with new arguments, but with a new faculty of appreciating them.

Fortunately, however, for his critics, Archbishop MANNING does not always confine himself within this unapproachable region. Throughout much of his Pastoral he condescends to human infirmity, and discusses the Roman question upon grounds on which even a Protestant reader can follow him. And here we may at once concede that his defence of the Papal claims is characterized by considerable plausibility. It is essential, he argues, to the freedom of the Catholic Church that the spiritual action of its head should be "independent of all earthly power"; and this necessary independence can only be secured, as the world is at present constituted, by the possession of temporal sovereignty. With the first of these assertions we have no disposition to quarrel. The free exercise of any religion involves the free action of a spiritual ruler, and free communication between him and his spiritual subjects. It would be inconsistent with the spiritual rights of Roman Catholic Christendom that its religious position should be affected by any coercion suffered by the POPE at the hands of a temporal sovereign; and a Church which claims to be universal must naturally object to having its organization interfered with by this or that Government. Indeed we may go a step further, and admit that even Protestant countries have an interest in the maintenance of some security on this point. It must always be a matter of importance to any State possessing Roman Catholic subjects that the influence necessarily exercised over them by the Pontiff shall not be turned to the account of any rival nation. So long as an *imperium in imperio* exists only for spiritual ends, it is not inconsistent with the true theory of the functions of Government. But, supposing its objects to be temporal instead of spiritual, it has no longer any indefeasible claim to the same immunity from interference. That English Roman Catholics, for instance, should yield obedience to the POPE is perfectly compatible with their rendering due allegiance to the QUEEN; but if that obedience were transferred to the Archbishop of PARIS, it is easy to conceive that very serious complications might arise between the conflicting duties.

But the leap from these premisses to the conclusion which Archbishop MANNING proposes to draw from them is rather a long one. We waive the difficulty with which we started as to the justice of sacrificing the Roman people to supposed Catholic necessities. We will look at the matter as far as possible from our opponent's point of view, and simply ask what is his ground for stating that the spiritual independence of the POPE is only to be secured by his continuance in his present position as a secular prince? By Archbishop MANNING's own confession, the end in question has not always been attained by this means. "The Pontiffs have maintained themselves at Rome," he tells us, "through the whole duration of Christianity"; but "for three hundred years they held it as martyrs, for five hundred years as the chief and only authority residing within its walls," and only "for a thousand years as its sole and supreme rulers." This indispensable condition of independence has then, it seems, been in existence for only a thousand years out of eighteen hundred; and it is at least conceivable that the resources of Providence are not yet exhausted, and that what Heaven

was pleased to dispense with for eight centuries it may be pleased to dispense with again. We are not so unreasonable as to expect the Popes to return to the *status* of martyrs, but it strikes us that Archbishop MANNING has made a dangerously fruitful admission in referring to that intermediate five hundred years when the Popes held Rome "as the chief and only authority residing within its walls." If such a position as this could once suffice for their spiritual independence, why might it not do so now? It is not improbable that the Italian Government would offer no great opposition to a compromise under which the POPE should hold somewhat of the same relation to the King of ITALY that he formerly held to the EMPEROR of the East. Even amid all the factitious and conventional excitement which naturally belongs to the Roman question in the minds of contemporary Italians, a conviction has gradually been growing up among them that Rome is physically unfitted to be the secular capital of the kingdom; and if the POPE were once to show himself disposed to treat with Italy, we suspect that this conviction would suddenly be invested with immensely increased force. The presence of the KING in Rome once got rid of, the most obvious obstacle to the POPE's maintenance of a virtually independent position would be removed, and we can hardly suppose that the Italians would be blind to the advantage of retaining on Italian soil the ecclesiastical capital of the world. A second exile at Avignon would be scarcely more agreeable to the nation which sustained the loss than to the Court which made the sacrifice. If to be the "chief and only authority residing within the walls" of Rome would give the Popes now, as Archbishop MANNING himself confesses it gave them once, a "sphere in which they might exercise their apostolic office in perfect freedom," we are not at all sure that this amount of independence might not prove to be within reach.

Let us make full allowance, however, for the many difficulties which must surround any such negotiation. Let us take into account the immense forbearance which would be required on both sides—the natural indisposition of the POPE to descend from the place he has so long occupied among crowned heads, and the less excusable unwillingness of many of the Italian Liberals to make the concessions really required for the preservation of ecclesiastical freedom. Even then we must remind Archbishop MANNING that the difficulties are not all on one side. The present position of the Papal throne is surely not so satisfactory that its occupant can afford to reject every conceivable proposal for its modification. Archbishop MANNING sneers at the idea that Frenchmen can be called foreigners "in the centre of Christendom," but he must at least admit that they possess one attribute of foreigners—the power of leaving the country when they choose. He does not deny that their departure will leave the Vicar of CHRIST "weak, isolated, and defenceless"; and, to lay minds, a Power which depends for its existence on the presence of troops which can be removed at the will of a third person has at best but a qualified independence. Nor, even if the POPE could maintain himself in Rome without any external aid, has the course of recent events at all tended to increase our confidence in the safety of small States. They may be strong so long as it suits the convenience of a greater Power to back them up; but how precarious a support that may turn out, the POPE seems on the eve of proving in his own person. With that exception, they owe their security mainly to an implied compact between their more powerful neighbours, and for the observance of this the only trustworthy guarantee lies in the interest of the parties who have entered into it. This latter safeguard of independence the POPE undoubtedly possesses to a very remarkable degree. It would certainly not be to the taste of other Catholic Powers that he should become the domestic chaplain of any one of them. But we see no reason why this end might not be attained, at least as well as now, by investing him with a practical immunity from secular control; or why this immunity might not be secured by means of an agreement between the States which would more immediately suffer from its violation. If the main object which Archbishop MANNING professes to have in view can be arrived at by another road than that which he would personally prefer, we presume he will scarcely deny that Providence has a reserved right to avail itself of the alternative course.

#### MR. BRIGHT AND REFORM.

AT a time when the English nation is supposed to be almost unanimously engaged in the pursuit of democratic Reform, it is remarkable that the upper and middle classes—including, with one exception, every known politician in the kingdom—

deliberately and unanimously stand aloof from the popular agitation. It was not, perhaps, to be expected that the House of Lords or the landed proprietors should devote themselves to the overthrow of the existing Constitution; but in the present instance the House of Commons, the merchants, the manufacturers, the farmers, and the tradesmen are equally indisposed to abdicate their share in controlling government and legislation. Mr. BRIGHT stands alone amongst the multitudes whom he exhorts to disaffection and violence; and while he is eagerly opening the floodgates of sedition, he is, perhaps, unconsciously preparing insuperable barriers against the torrent of anarchy. Eight or nine years ago he rendered Reform impossible for the time by his menacing harangues, and, unless he prevails by the mere influence of terror, he has now still more effectually alienated all moderate allies. His wanton threat of revolution is felt almost as a personal offence by every Englishman who values order, freedom, or Parliamentary Government. It is not likely that Mr. BRIGHT seriously desires an armed insurrection and a civil war between the working-classes and the owners of property. His hopes are probably directed to the assemblage of formidable London mobs, which might dictate, like the Parisian Sections of 1793, to a frightened Parliament. His imagination has evidently been excited by the Hyde Park riots, and it is but fair to assume that he would prefer successful intimidation to massacre. If England submits to be governed by the London rabble, Mr. BRIGHT's opponents will deserve their inglorious defeat. The risk scarcely deserves consideration for itself, but there is too much reason to fear that the Hyde Park precedent may lead to serious embarrassment. The law of public meetings is vague and indefinite, because, amongst other reasons, the Constitution never contemplated a capital city with three millions of inhabitants. As soon as a hundredth part of that number acquires the habit of holding political meetings in the streets, public order and the independence of Parliament are seriously threatened. If no other remedy could be found, Parliament might at pleasure hold its sittings out of reach of Mr. BEALES and his associates; but it would be more prudent and more dignified to pass any laws which might be necessary for its own protection, in the certainty that public opinion would support the vigorous suppression of tumult and riot. For any bloodshed which might ensue, as well as for the interruption of quiet and prosperity, Mr. BRIGHT would be chiefly responsible. No demagogue has ever recommended sedition or treason so prematurely or with so little excuse.

There has happily been an intermission of a few days in the meetings which are now avowedly held for purposes of intimidation. When they are renewed, they will not fail to be attended by crowds of workmen and of curious speculators. When a hundred thousand artisans and labourers live within a distance of three or four miles, it would be strange if they spared themselves the exertion of going half an hour's journey to be told by an eloquent declaimer that they ought to monopolize all the power in the State. During his former agitation, Mr. BRIGHT imprudently dwelt on the ulterior consequences of Reform in the unequal repartition of taxes and in the subdivision of landed property. Of late he has contented himself with the supposed grievance of exclusion from the franchise, and with extravagant denunciations of his political opponents. His obscure lieutenants are probably too insignificant to provoke his conscious contempt; but even Mr. BRIGHT's audacity must sometimes be temporarily disturbed by the reflection that he is the solitary leader of a single class in the community occupying one unbroken level. The Trades' Unions and their managers constitute a formidable force, but Mr. BRIGHT can count on no other adherents. At all the meetings which have been held, there has not appeared a single professed advocate of the Reform Bill of 1866, or of any other measure which could be introduced into the House of Commons with the faintest prospect of success. Mr. BRIGHT points in his speeches to a revolution which can only be accomplished by terror or by force. It is possible that his real design may be limited to the attainment of a considerable extension of his suffrage. In the meantime he is adding force to the arguments of his opponents by confirming their anticipations of the docile conformity and the gregarious character of the working-classes. In literary discussion, and in Parliamentary debate, reforming orators have constantly asserted that artisans would think and vote for themselves on political questions as soon as they were admitted to the franchise; but the prominence of the leaders of Trades' Unions in the present agitation fully justifies Mr. BRIGHT's confidence in the force of organization. The smoothness and coherence of a political mass is in proportion to the smallness and uniformity of its component parts.



One curious result of the democratic agitation is found in the total cessation of the movement in favour of constitutional Reform. Mr. BRIGHT is probably not engaged in a prosperous voyage, but he has for the time effectually taken the wind out of the sails of his less eager followers. There is no interest in holding meetings in favour of a 7*l.* or 14*l.* franchise, when fiery orators are assuring sympathetic multitudes that it is lawful to rebel against any Government which maintains a property qualification. Lord RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE prudently abstain from competing with their formidable ally, and humbler advocates of temperate reforms know that it would be impossible at present to obtain a hearing. The admirers of universal suffrage taunt the House of Commons with its imprudence in rejecting a moderate measure which would have satisfied the popular demand. It may be true that it would have been judicious to accept the Ministerial Bill; but the English Parliament and nation are not bound to abstain from the reparation of an error for the sake of conforming to a mythological precedent. Although TARQUIN in the story was at the mercy of the Sibyl, the House of Commons is not forced to pass a stronger measure in a future Session because it has once rejected a tolerable compromise. The events of the recess have probably strengthened the conviction that some reasonable Reform Bill ought to be passed without further delay. If the present Ministers undertake the enterprise, they will attempt it under the considerable disadvantage of representing a non-reforming party. It is probable, however, that their ingenuity may be stimulated by the paradoxical nature of their task; and it is not certain that the House of Commons would regard their efforts with exceptional disfavour. Any moderate lowering of the franchise might ultimately benefit the Liberal party, and statesmen have had abundant warning that the opportunity of introducing a Reform Bill is not an object of envy or ambition. Mr. GLADSTONE has already promised his successors a fair trial, and the moderate members of his party will desire that he should give his pledge a liberal interpretation. The chances are perhaps in favour of a change of Ministry during the Session, and of a Reform Bill passed by the Liberal party. It is unfortunate that contingent sedition will necessarily claim a part of the credit which may belong to the construction of a successful measure. It will be impossible to prove that Parliament may not have been influenced by Mr. BRIGHT's menaces of insurrection, and by Mr. BEALES's disturbances. The danger, however, of an unprovoked and suicidal rebellion is so remote that a Reform Bill would offer little encouragement to Mr. BRIGHT and his imitators. Liberty was still an exotic in France when it was destroyed by the street riots of 1848. In England the plant is indigenous, and hardy enough to survive more than one generation of demagogues. Mr. BRIGHT is perhaps more dangerous than O'CONNELL, because his influence lies in England; but he has to encounter the same profound moral disapprobation which proved fatal to the success of the great Irish agitator.

#### THE SIMLA COURT-MARTIAL.

WE need scarcely trouble our readers with any detailed description of the counts upon which respectively Captain JERVIS has been acquitted and condemned. It will be enough for our present purpose if they will keep in mind that all the counts fall practically under two widely different classes. One class deals with larceny or peculation, and affects the private character of Captain JERVIS as a gentleman and an honest man; the other deals with insubordination, and affects his military character as an officer. On every count connected with the former—from "the one hundred bottles of 'sherry' to the 'one tin of giblet soup'"—he has been acquitted; but on the latter, with one unimportant exception, he has been found guilty, and sentenced to be dismissed from the service. As to non-military readers this sentence may appear, under the peculiar circumstances of Captain JERVIS's case, somewhat severe, and may subject the Court to the suspicion of undue subservience to the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF—a suspicion unhappily not always without foundation where Courts-Martial are concerned—it is only just to mention that the insubordination brought home to the accused was undoubtedly very gross, and subversive of all military discipline. Dismissal from the service was the only sentence which the Court could inflict, and, in tempering this sentence with a recommendation to mercy, they did all in their power to express their sense of the great provocation which the prisoner had received, and which therefore extenuated his offence. Indeed the recommenda-

tion to mercy in such a case amounted to a tacit censure upon the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, from whom the provocation came, since nothing short of the gravest provocation could justify the extension of pardon by a military tribunal to conduct so unsoldierlike. Our readers already know, from the startling telegram which has produced so strong and universal a sensation, that Sir WILLIAM MANSFIELD has rejected, as Commander-in-Chief, the recommendation to mercy thus made necessary by his own conduct as prosecutor, and has confirmed the sentence in all its severity.

But, although we have no wish whatever to extenuate the unsoldierlike conduct of Captain JERVIS, or to make out one side of the case white simply because the other is black, it is still most important to bear in mind that the charges on which he was found guilty arose altogether out of the charges on which he was found innocent, and on which it is not too much to say that he was most wantonly and cruelly assailed. Insubordinate as his conduct undoubtedly was, it was evidently due not so much to wilful defiance of authority or unmilitary contempt for discipline, as to an honest belief that he was the victim of grievous wrong. Much of his conduct arose from the genuine instinct, however misguided, of self-defence, and was in no way deliberately aggressive. He felt that he was being treated by Sir WILLIAM MANSFIELD with the most unjustifiable harshness, and his sense of wrong seems to have blinded him to the fact that harshness is not illegality. But, at the same time, there is a wide difference between resistance to lawful authority made in a spirit of wilful insubordination, and the same resistance made under a natural sense of wrong. Innocence does not justify a man in knocking down the policeman who ignominiously hustles him off to the station on a false charge of picking pockets. But still every sensible magistrate would draw a marked distinction between violent and illegal resistance to constituted authority under such circumstances and similar resistance unprovoked. There are some, it is to be feared, even amongst the most ardent upholders of authority and admirers of law, who would be very sorry to see the offender punished, supposing that the policeman had heightened his first mistake by gross folly or by brutality. And, really, if the necessary allowance be made for the advantages which a Commander-in-Chief may be assumed to possess both in education and position over our imaginary policeman, neither gross folly nor brutality is too strong a term to apply to Sir WILLIAM MANSFIELD's corresponding treatment of Captain JERVIS. On the bare assertion of a menial servant, whose real motive for making the assertion he could not possibly know, Sir WILLIAM MANSFIELD suddenly brings against an English officer and gentleman, who had long been in his service, discharging the most confidential duties, an accusation involving imputations of the most painfully ignominious kind—imputations which, above all others, such a man would most shrink from incurring, and of which therefore it was most imperative, as a matter of common sense no less than of courtesy and fair play, to consider him innocent until the strongest possible proofs were adduced of his guilt. And yet this sudden accusation was not only made in the most offensive way, but formal and irreparable effect was given to it before the accused had the opportunity of saying one word in his own defence. It would have been in all conscience sufficiently trying for a man in the position of Captain JERVIS to have been called on, even in the most private, friendly, and informal way, to defend himself against charges of petty larceny brought by a butler. We should have thought that the commonest instincts of a gentleman, or, if these were not forthcoming, the commonest prudence of a man of the world, would have made Sir WILLIAM MANSFIELD at least affect to treat the charge as a mistake, which it only required a few words from Captain JERVIS to clear up. This course would not have screened him if guilty, and yet, if he was innocent, would have spared him as much annoyance and humiliation as it was possible to spare him under circumstances so unpleasant. It is almost incredible that Sir WILLIAM MANSFIELD—who, whatever else he may be, is at least a man of the world—should have at once followed up his dignified cross-examination of the butler with a formal request that Captain JERVIS should resign his place and rejoin his regiment. We pass over the implied assumption that peculation, while it unfits an officer to be an aide-de-camp, still does not disqualify him for regimental duty, although from such a quarter the assumption is singular enough. Believing Captain JERVIS to be a thief, Sir WILLIAM MANSFIELD turns him out of his house, but sends him to practise upon a regiment. The proceeding does credit to the householder, but what are we to say of the Commander-in-Chief? Such conduct is scarcely reconcilable

with that pure love of justice and that high-minded regard for the honour of the service which have alone inspired and supported Sir WILLIAM, if we are to accept his own declarations, during all the scandal and ridicule of the last few months. We are now dealing, however, not with Sir WILLIAM's consistency or exalted sense of honour, but with the provocation which, in the first instance, he gave Captain JERVIS; and we are sure few persons will deny that the insubordination must be gross indeed which such provocation will not palliate.

Of Sir WILLIAM MANSFIELD's refusal to accept the Court's recommendation to mercy, it is difficult to speak with sufficient severity. There are no adequate grounds for disbelieving the telegram which announced it, and yet the refusal is barely credible. If the announcement is to be credited, his conduct is so flagrantly and nakedly indefensible that it is really a waste of words to expose it. Comment is superfluous, and censure feeble, in face of the bare facts. We have only briefly to put these facts together, and leave the inference to our readers. Sir WILLIAM MANSFIELD, on the word of a servant, assumes an English officer to be guilty of petty larceny, and formally fastens upon him a stigma which, if unrefuted, must ruin his reputation and happiness for life. The assumption, at once resented, leads to a tedious judicial prosecution which lasts for months, and during which the accused so far loses his head and his temper as to lay himself open to the charge of unmilitary insubordination. The Court-Martial is compelled, to pass a severe sentence, but does all in its power to neutralize it by a recommendation to mercy, which implies that the prisoner acted under severe provocation. And thereupon the man who gave this provocation, whose misconduct has not only subjected the prisoner to the severest annoyance and humiliation, but even caused the very sentence which he is now called on to mitigate, and (what is still more important) who must know that, as a deeply prejudiced party to the trial, he cannot take the dispassionate view of a judge—this man is not ashamed to set his biased opinion against the unbiassed opinion of the Court, and to complete the ruin of the officer whom he has already so deeply wronged. What can language add to such facts as these? We feel almost disposed, as an exercise of ingenuity, to turn Devil's Advocate, and defend Sir WILLIAM. Possibly he holds that he is bound to make ample allowance as judge for the private feelings which might sway him as prosecutor, and, as these private feelings must necessarily lead a man of noble and generous instincts to lean unduly on the side of mercy, he feels that he can only strike a balance by leaning unduly on the side of severity. He must, in fact, be pardoned for acting sternly as judge because he first acted improperly as prosecutor—a plea somewhat suggestive of the Frenchman's, who, when convicted of murdering his father and mother, and asked what he had to say in self-defence, begged leave to express a hope that the Court would remember he was a poor orphan. The mediæval dignitary who swore as a prince, not as an archbishop, was naturally asked what would become of the prince when SATAN got hold of the archbishop; and we should like to know how Sir WILLIAM MANSFIELD can expect to take upon himself duties so incompatible as those of acrimonious prosecutor and impartial judge, and yet escape with impunity. Official routine may, indeed, have compelled him to play the part of judge in his own case, but there was nothing to compel, and everything to forbid, his interference with the verdict of a disinterested Court. Or possibly Sir WILLIAM MANSFIELD, like greater men, is more afraid of ridicule than of anything else, and knows, as a rhetorician, that the best way of banishing the ludicrous is to introduce the terrible. The other day all India—indeed all Europe—was laughing at the great "Indian Pickles" case; at the preposterously absurd notion of a Court-Martial—consisting of a brigadier-general, eleven lieutenant-colonels, and a major—sitting for more than two months in solemn conclave to determine whether the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF's aide-de-camp had really been trifling with the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF's gilet soup, capers, plum jam, and pickles. The scandal of the whole affair was very great, but still some of the details were so absurd that it was impossible not to laugh, and Sir WILLIAM MANSFIELD naturally came in for the chief share of ridicule. But his last act has effectually banished all sense of the ludicrous. This has given way to vehement indignation at the ruin thus cruelly inflicted upon an innocent man, and to shame at the disgrace which the conduct of so high an official as the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF in India has brought upon the British army.

Whether this disgrace can be removed without removing from his high post the man who has caused it, is a question

which, for the present at any rate, we would rather not discuss. But it is perfectly clear that the sentence upon Captain JERVIS ought not to be allowed to take effect. We know that the usual official course, in such quarrels between a superior and a subordinate, is to administer privately to the superior the severest of wiggings, but publicly, in the alleged interests of discipline and constituted authority, to let the inferior go to the wall. This case, however, is sufficiently exceptional to call for exceptional treatment. It will inflict less injury upon discipline to reverse than to support a sentence so flagrantly and grotesquely unjust.

#### LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT.

WHAT is called the principle of local self-government was, we are told, "celebrated" by a dinner given by the local governors of St. Pancras to themselves, and no doubt paid for by themselves, at a tavern at Blackwall on Saturday last. How a principle can be celebrated by the consumption of any amount of fish and brandy-and-water, or how the superior advantages of "local government as opposed to centralization" are demonstrated by a devotion to the good things supplied at the Artichoke, might be doubted, had we not just witnessed the labours of the Mansion House Cholera Fund culminating in a banquet in the Venetian parlour. Taking it, however, for granted that there is some subtle connection between political and municipal principles and tavern dinners, we are not sorry to improve the occasion. The St. Pancras orators complain of "the slanders of people out of 'doors';" but, as Mr. Ross observes, they have the good man's consolation. They can fall back on the inward monitor, who of course never deceives. They have the satisfaction of feeling in their own minds and consciences that they have done their duty. If the right or wrong of an action depended on the actor's conscientious approval of himself, we suppose that the late Mr. FORWARD *alias* SOUTHEY was, as he was perfectly assured by the inward voice, a model of virtue. Apart, however, from this broad justification, we must remind the gentlemen of St. Pancras that they fail to see the direct issue at stake. Mr. Ross seems to think that the complaint against local self-government is only as regards the instruments; and that all that we have to say is to complain that the metropolitan Guardians are not composed of the gentry. We think and say no such thing. We say that in the actual working of the present local government there is no work done at all. If it were done, whether the authority were a horde of small tradesmen or a central despot would not matter to the inhabitants one farthing. In London we only complain that nothing is done. We do not want a HAUSMANN if we could but see that the main drainage was effective, or that the Thames Embankment was completed. We should not complain even of the reign of DOUGLAS and ROSS, who it seems are chief among the present rulers of St. Pancras, if the poor were properly cared for, the streets properly cleaned, the gas and water cheap and good, and the great and nasty sewage and scavenging questions solved. It is because all those matters upon which life and health and property depend are neglected that we complain of inefficiency somewhere. And, the inefficiency being a matter of daily and all-day-long suffering, we are forced to go into the question of the instruments. We find what manner of men represent the principle of self-government, and we do not find in them intelligence, education, humanity, or a capacity for business. They take no pains to represent themselves other than they are. They report their proceedings, and how they take counsel together. We find them, as in the Strand Union, objecting to paid nurses, or refusing the services of voluntary and educated attendants on the poor. We find them, as at Bethnal Green or Hackney, defying and thwarting the Poor Law Board, and generally wanting common sense and common humanity. We find them, as at Marylebone, only by compulsion recognising the fact that plague and pestilence are abroad. We find them, as at this very St. Pancras, insulting and snubbing one of their own health officers because he told them of their neglected duties. And in the workhouse of this same St. Pancras we find them entrusting the Master's duties to what they call a clerk, who is himself a pauper, and whose last feat was turning loose into the streets an idiotic boy sent to the workhouse by the police. We find, again, local self-government, as in the City of London, in the hands of a body, the Common Council, possessed of almost unlimited funds, exhibiting itself in such facts as these:—forty years spent in discussing the question of the Holborn Valley improvements; such a nuisance as Newgate Market not removed; such a forlorn failure as Farringdon Market still stagnant in the heart of the City; Smithfield



always going to be improved, but for three or four years only a mound of rubbish, and an alternate variety of mud hills and laystalls.

And, what is worst of all, we find, not one of these inefficient and mischievous bodies in London, but twenty or thirty of them. There is the Common Council, and the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the Government Board of Works—to take the centralized and controlling bodies first. All that they do is to wrangle and hinder each other, and to prevent interference, and to secure independence, as they call it. In the conflict of jurisdictions, or in the squabbles to establish jurisdiction, each helps the other to a dead-lock. The City people are jealous of the Spring Gardens people. Sir JOHN THWAITES lays the blame that he does nothing upon the City, upon the Government, upon the railways, and not always perhaps without justice. The City people say that, if they are not to have a perpetual control of the Coal and Wine duties, they really must stand on their dignity, uphold their privileges, look to their charters, and in every way ride the high horse. Then a Mr. W. COWPER or a Sir GEORGE GREY, when appealed to in Parliament on the fact of the dead-lock, mildly ventures to say that he really has asked the local bodies whether they do not think they ought to be reformed—an inquiry about as practical as asking a man whether, in his own candid judgment, he is not an incapable blockhead. But even now we have not got to the worst of local self-government. Descending from the three central authorities, which are always in collision, every large parish and every district presents its own special organization of obstacles and authorities and forces, bristling with every thorn and prickle of opposition, and animated only by local influences, and a sincere and consistent resolve either to have things done in their own way or not done at all. A great and intricate piece of machinery is at work—only its work is not to work—admirably constructed so that one force shall exactly neutralize and destroy another, every cog jar against another, every valve not open, every piston stick fast. And, as though this were not more than enough to condemn local self-government, the local authorities, always confident in themselves and at feud with each other, are one and all constantly interfered with, overridden, and set at naught by the powers given or taken—nobody knows how, or to what extent lawful—by the Railway Companies, who ride omnipotent over every parish Vestry or Board of Works, every Committee of Guardians, Commissioners of Sewers, Boards Sanitary or Paving, over every Company which supplies gas or water, triumphant alike over local self-government and centralization.

This is what we complain of, and it is only right that the revellers of the Artichoke should know the precise and real gist of our "slanders." And when we turn elsewhere, even in England, we find different results, not from sacrificing local government, but from a different sort of local government. At Manchester, or Liverpool, or Bristol, or Leeds, we see the old Water Companies and the old Gas Companies bought up, and, like the little German States, absorbed. Town Councils at Edinburgh can provide a uniform system of municipal management, and, more than that, can work it. Nowhere but in London have we a dozen Water Companies and a dozen Gas Companies. If there were any competition among them, though in the long run we should have to pay for the unnecessary capital embarked in parallel businesses, we might perhaps reap some advantage in a better supply. But, as it is, we have the evils both of a monopoly and of unnecessary and superfluous organization. In the other great cities of England the municipal bodies find it even profitable to be their own purveyors of gas and water. In London we suffer ourselves, the customers, to be parcelled out among the dealers, and we leave both the quality and price of their commodity to be settled by themselves. Or, to take again what surely is among the foremost of municipal duties—to provide for the general health and diffused well-being of the community; that is, to discharge on a large scale those duties which individuals are powerless to deal with. To prevent smoke, to clean the streets, to prevent the sale of unwholesome food not only in public markets, but in retail shops, and to see that the shopkeepers have honest weights and measures—we recognise all these duties as being of the first importance. We have acknowledged them in a hundred and fifty Acts of Parliament; and now and then a spasmodic effort is made to fine a tradesman for a little mistake about his scales, or, towards the autumn, a more than usually audacious manure manufacturer is fined, or an especially culpable contractor is solemnly threatened. But whose duty it is to enforce all these Acts, or even to administer the common law—whether it rests with the Police or the Inquest, or the Poor-law Guardians, or the

Health Officer, or the Nuisance Inspector, or this, that, or the other Board or Committee, or merely with the private exercise of public spirit—who knows? It is because we suffer from all these things—suffer in health and pocket, suffer in body and goods, suffer in our ruined lungs, our ruined houses and furniture, suffer horse and man, old man and suckling, rich and poor alike—that we "slander" local government. We do not want a Prefect of the Thames, but we do want to see—to take the last grievance and its most easy remedy alike chronicled in the *Times*—our granite laid down and rolled, and our streets swept on a different principle from that maintained as a principle of local self-government by (say) the Paving Board of St. James. It argues no fatal surrender of Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, and our Anglo-Saxon inheritance, to say that there is no occasion for us to be compelled to breathe an atmosphere saturated with equal parts of horse-dung, pounded granite, gas leakage, and sewers' exhalations, and to get this in the alternative forms of mud or dust. In this, as in at least another department of State, the present Government has a grand chance. Whether Mr. HARDY, at the Poor Law Board, will turn out to be the BISMARCK of Whitehall may perhaps be doubted. The tearful gentleness of Secretary WALPOLE, and the amenities of Lord JOHN MANNERS, are hardly reassuring when we survey the rough work which London Municipal Reform wants. But let Lord DERBY's Government make up their minds to this. That Administration which can, or which can even show an honest desire to, reform the Poor-law administration and the municipal government of the chief city of the Empire—whether self-government or central government—may look perhaps for a lease of power, certainly for an amount of public confidence, which the Whigs failed; and scandalously failed, to secure.

#### THE ART OF CONTRADICTION.

THERE are some people to whom contradiction "comes by nature"—who, if you happen to express their own opinions, will contradict them rather than agree with you, and who never lose an opportunity of saying No in any of its various forms. On the other hand, peace-loving people are apt to hug themselves in the belief that, as it takes two to make a quarrel, they may, by exercising a sufficient amount of prudence and forbearance, get through life without ever exciting or encountering opposition. But this is but a fond delusion; to live on this plan would be something like trying to drive along Fleet Street on the principle of running no risk of collisions, standing still or backing whenever any vehicle approached uncomfortably near. The peace-at-any-price theory is as impracticable in private as in international affairs. Never to give battle is only to invite outrage, and even this ignominious peace must often be purchased at the price of truth and principle. It behoves everybody to be ready on occasion to assume a belligerent attitude; and, the occasions not being very rare in most people's lives, it is worth while to bestow some attention on the principles and practice of the art of contradiction.

In the first place, this, like all other arts, must be acquired by practice; and the practice must be carefully regulated, the results noted, and the ends to be obtained kept steadily in view. This careful study is quite as necessary for naturally "contradictory" people as for those of an opposite temperament, for too great natural aptitude is as dangerous a snare in this as in other arts. Indeed, such fatal facility is generally both the effect, and, by a natural reaction, the cause, of a bluntness of sensation which makes the attainment of real excellence almost hopeless. Nobody who is constitutionally insensible to the pain of mental collision can avoid it with the delicate tact, or inflict it with the discriminating severity, of a real master of the art. The contradiction which has sunk into a mere trick can have no value for the critical observer. On the other hand, nobody who habitually flinches from contradicting his neighbours on proper occasions will be able, when a sudden emergency arises, to do so with the composure and grace of a practised performer. To be contradicted by an agitated bungler, in a sudden access of sincerity or self-assertion, is like having a broken limb handled by an inexperienced surgeon, whose very sympathy makes him inflict twice the necessary amount of pain. Real excellence presupposes a tact which can arise only from keen sensitiveness, considerable activity of mind resulting in distinct convictions, great command of language, and perfect self-possession and temper. With these natural qualifications, duly improved by careful and regular exercise, a really enviable power may be acquired. It is a power which enables its possessor to preserve his sincerity and independence intact in defiance of seduction or intimidation, to hold his own position in all the intricacies of social diplomacy, thereby keeping other people in theirs, and to exercise an authority at once gracious and inexorable; and all this at the minimum of pain to himself or others. Examples of this degree of perfection are as rare as the attainment of the highest degree of eminence must be in every art. But we are speaking of an ideal. "Who aimeth at the sky shoots higher far than he who means a tree."

The study of this art may be divided into the three principal branches of theoretical, practical, and tacit contradiction. Of these the first is the easiest and commonest, the second the most essential, and the third the most refined. By theoretical contradiction we mean all expression of difference of opinion, from the slightest diversity in taste or feeling, to a direct denial of facts. The most abject or pliable of mortals can scarcely pass a day without having occasion more or less to disagree with somebody; and this ladder rises by such very small steps that most of us are half-way up it before we are aware. We even doubt whether the expression of a mere difference of opinion need in itself give pain to either party. It is true that few people can be sure of keeping their tempers in an argument. But when due allowance has been made for the vexation of being unable precisely to explain what they supposed themselves clearly to understand, and for the irritation of seeing any appearance of unfairness or triumph over them in their adversary, and for all the other elements of moral friction which may arise in the course of a warm debate, it is difficult to say whether any part of the annoyance felt is fairly attributable to the mere difference of opinion. And, indeed, since all argument may be supposed to have for its object the attainment of, or at least the preparation for, eventual agreement, one ought to be rather flattered than otherwise by being made the object of it. The objection is not to argument in itself, but to argument which is excessive or ill-timed. And in like manner, although it may be felt that a clear mutual recognition of points of divergence in opinion is a necessary preliminary to real intimacy, yet it is somewhat fatiguing to be exposed to very frequent expressions of such disagreement. People do not want to be perpetually exploring each other's boundaries, and are not always prepared at a moment's notice to give a precise statement of their own. The habit of laying down exact mental boundaries is one of the most important parts of the art of contradiction; but it should be done chiefly in the privacy of one's own mind. To work them out by actual contests is a rude and barbarous expedient, which is to carefully prepared and regulated contradiction what war is to diplomacy—more effectual sometimes, but, as between civilized nations, constantly tending to be superseded by the more refined and peaceful process.

By practical, as distinguished from theoretical, contradiction, we mean all those forms of saying No of which the substance is "I will not," rather than "I do not"—cases, not merely of denial, but of resistance. Under this head comes also all unfavourable criticism addressed directly to its object (which is in fact a refusal to admire, or dance to, your piping), all withholding of sympathy, rejection of favours, and refusal to grant them. Nothing can strip such contradiction as this of its painfulness. Yet, though the occasions for it may happily be less frequent than the occasions for the former kind, it is doubly necessary not to flinch from them. It may be possible to get through life without denying any statements, but to get through it without resisting any demands one would have to spend it in a desert island. Most of us naturally shrink especially from this form of contradiction. How few people have the courage to refuse, except under the shelter of an obviously sufficient obstacle, real or improvised, any invitation given by word of mouth! Yet the occasions for practising this branch of the art are much too valuable to be thrown away. It is at least as essential to excellence in this as in the first branch of the art, that the performer should be free from the agitation of inexperience. If you must refuse an invitation to the inviter's face, perfect calmness may be the one thing that redeems your action from rudeness. Self-possession carries with it a strong appearance of being in the right. A good conscience is as bold as a lion; and though it may be unfair to assume conversely that where fear is there must be a bad conscience, it is certain that in social transactions the suspicion very readily arises. And, with regard to the practice of sheltering oneself behind reasons when driven to resist an unwelcome demand, it should be observed that, though perhaps in some cases, as in that of invitations (where perhaps neither party is very unwilling to let the matter drop), it may afford a graceful and unobjectionable means of escape, yet on general grounds it is to be used with great caution. If the demand is made with real earnestness, the maker of it will in all probability find it easier to demolish the reason than to press his demand in face of a pointblank denial. Reasons are like suburbs or woods round a besieged town, which are good for nothing but cover for the enemy. They are, besides, a sort of confession of weakness, which destroys at once the prestige of determination. As we observed, with regard to theoretical contradiction, that something might be done beforehand by clearly ascertaining the limits of one's opinions, so in the present case one may throw up, as it were, earthworks in the form of resolutions. Yet too much reliance must never be placed upon any such artificial defences. As in a besieged town the inhabitants may give themselves up for lost when the garrison allow a confidence in the strength of their fortifications to lay asleep their vigilance and relax their energy, so, in the sieges of daily life, whoever trusts rather to the protection of hitherto unbroken resolutions than to the drill of habitual self-defence will certainly have to give in unexpectedly, and perhaps ingloriously.

But the highest branch of the art is that which we have described as tacit contradiction. It is in this that the highest skill and the most refined tact may be exercised, and that results of the greatest æsthetic value may be attained. It is difficult to describe, by means of such coarse instruments as words, an art of which the

province begins where that of language ends. But everybody's daily experience will afford so many instances of the more or less successful practice of this art that we may safely appeal to that experience to supply the defects of language. Let any not wholly unobservant member of society but reflect for a moment how many of the communications of every-day life are made without words, and how feeble the best-chosen words would be if unassisted by manner, gestures, and corresponding actions, and he will perceive at once that, of all the arts of social warfare, tacit contradiction is one of the most essential and extensive branches. Indeed, whenever it can be so employed as to supersede the necessity of verbal contradiction, a certain amount of friction is sure to have been saved. It is a triumph of good manners to be able to assume in a moment a decisive and uncompromising attitude of tacit antagonism, without giving offence or inflicting unnecessary pain. To have this power entirely at command, and to exercise it with perfect freedom and moderation, requires a rare degree of independence and self-control. It implies a triumph over that curious tendency which civilized human beings exhibit in common with sheep, to follow each other's lead. In the merest trifles this tendency shows itself continually. For instance, if several people are walking together after a shower of rain, how certainly the putting down of one umbrella is a signal for all the others to be furled in succession; not so much because their owners have arrived at any intelligent conviction that the rain has stopped, as from a mechanical disposition to follow suit. You may remark twenty times that it is time to go, without producing half the effect on your companion's mind which will be wrought at once by standing up. And thus any one person who has enough of the small change of energy to be able to put a definite choice into all the little daily actions of life may acquire a sort of habitual leadership in such matters with respect to the mass, who only act from moment to moment as seems easiest; for to follow is always easy. And if, in purely indifferent matters, there is in most people so strong a tendency to fall into whatever attitude they perceive to be expected of them, it is far more difficult to act quite spontaneously and independently where feeling is concerned. A friend with whom you have justly quarrelled meets you as if nothing had happened; you may feel that dignity and sincerity imperatively require that you should mark by your manner the different place which he now holds in your esteem, but if, by real or assumed unconsciousness, he can persist in keeping up the old manner, you may find it very hard not to be carried away by it. An impulse of indignation may do, or overdo, the work, but sincerity sometimes requires the change where that impulse is wanting. Or the difficulty may be, not to mark a decrease of cordiality, but only to resist being led on to such an increase of it as your real feeling does not warrant. In any case it is difficult to swim against the stream of one's companion's manner. Now this tendency to unreasoning imitation must be trampled under foot by the student of the art of tacit contradiction. He must learn to oppose the current of unexpressed public opinion, to withhold the expected demonstration, to inflict the unwelcome check. His manner should be quiet, but unflinching, and, on occasion, even peremptory. He must have ready energy, habitual distinctness of purpose, and, above all, a firm grasp of his own proper rôle, for it is essential that he should be always in the right. When he is able to disagree with a philosopher, to criticize a poet, and to snub an intimate friend, with no other effect than that of raising himself in their estimation, then, and not till then, he may fairly be considered a proficient in the art of contradiction.

#### CLERICAL MAGISTRATES.

WE remember some time ago coming across the monument of a deceased worthy who, besides smaller offices, was at once an Archdeacon and a Chairman of Quarter Sessions, and who, if his epitaph might be trusted, contrived to discharge both the spiritual and the temporal function in the most admirable way. We suspect that Archdeacons were less active in those days than they are now; but Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, even if their work was not greater in quantity, must have found it a good deal heavier in quality. No Chairman for a long time past has contracted the defilement which the Church holds to be the lot of any of her ministers who take part in pronouncing a capital sentence. We suspect that the last English divine who had ever condemned a fellow-creature to death was to be found, not many years back, in a very odd and exceptional jurisdiction, the Soke of Peterborough. For an Archdeacon, then, to be Chairman of Quarter Sessions no longer violates any great canonical principle. There is no chance of such a union of offices carrying with it the stain of the *vir sanguinum*.

At the same time it is not likely that we shall ever again see the same person performing "archidiaconal functions" one day and presiding in the Court of Quarter Sessions another. And we think that most people will allow that such a union of functions is, on the whole, not desirable. The tide is setting strongly against the exercise of temporal functions by spiritual persons. English Bishops have ceased to be Palatines; German Archbishops have ceased to be Electors; there seems every chance of the Pope himself ceasing to be a temporal Prince. That all this is as it should be few will deny. It is certainly not to be wished that any spiritual functionary should, *ex officio*, exercise a temporal magistracy of any sort, great or small. But a question may well arise whether this



sound principle is not in some cases pushed too far. It is not desirable that any clergyman, from the Pope downwards, should be a civil magistrate by virtue of his clerical office. It is most unlikely that there should ever be a county in which it would be desirable to elect a clergyman Chairman of Quarter Sessions. We do not know what might happen if an Archdeacon of Northampton, of the stamp of our friend of the monument, should chance to have his abode in Rutland; but we cannot conceive the case anywhere else. But it is one thing to say all this; it is another thing to lay down an inflexible rule that no clergyman should ever be put on the Commission of the Peace under any circumstances whatever.

This is the rule which, while the law leaves the magisterial office open to clergy and laity, is at present established by the practice of the Lords Lieutenant of some particular counties. Holy orders are held to be a positive disqualification. Whatever may be the clergyman's personal fitness for the office, whatever may be the amount of his stake in the county, whatever may be the difficulty of finding enough qualified laymen in any particular district, whatever may be the consequent inconvenience to other magistrates and to the public at large, the rule is inflexible; a clergyman is as little to be thought of in the capacity of a local administrator of justice as a pauper or a felon. Now an inflexible law of this kind is both unreasonable in theory and often inconvenient in practice. It can be defended on two grounds only; either that a clergyman, as a clergyman, is thereby necessarily unfit for the office of a magistrate, or else that the office of a magistrate is inconsistent with the proper discharge of clerical duties.

The latter argument is easily disposed of. There is a considerable class of clergymen, including many of those whom it would be the obvious thing to appoint as magistrates, who have no clerical duties at all. Every county is sure to contain several clergymen who are simply country gentlemen in holy orders. Clergymen are not uncommonly landed proprietors, esquires—if we may so call them—baronets, peers of the realm, in many cases without any clerical duty at all. In such cases the plea that the magisterial office would interfere with higher duties does not apply. There are other clergymen who have clerical duties, but whose duties are so light that it is utterly inconceivable that the addition of the office of Justice of the Peace would really interfere with their efficient discharge. But the real answer is more comprehensive still. Whether the magisterial office is or is not inconsistent with the due discharge of clerical duties is not the affair of a Lord Lieutenant to settle. It is the affair of the clergyman himself. A conscientious clergyman, if he finds his ministerial duty occupy the whole of his time, will not accept any office which will interfere with it. But of this he must be himself the judge. If he neglects his pastoral charge, it is to the Bishop, not to the Lord Lieutenant, that he is responsible; and it is hardly the business of a Lord Lieutenant to take so completely on himself the character of a nursing-father of the Church as to decide beforehand what is likely to lead to ministerial inefficiency and what is not.

The other argument is that a clergyman, as a clergyman, is unfit. People who talk in this manner commonly do so by way of depreciating the clergy; but in truth this is a kind of depreciation which contradicts itself. If we hold that the clerical office in itself disqualifies, we attach a mysterious effect to the clerical character just as much as if we hold that the office in itself qualifies. It is the same with priesthood as with nobility. The true democrat looks on a lord as neither better nor worse than another man. If he looks on a lord, as such, as being worse than another man, he is no less an oligarch than if he looked on him as being better than another man. The true way of looking at either peer or priest is to look at him as simply the same as other people—to be weighed, like other people, according to his personal merits and demerits. For the magisterial office, as for any other office, some clergymen are fit and some are unfit, just as some laymen are fit and some are unfit. Some parsons are arrant blockheads; so are some squires. But some parsons and some squires are wise men. It is quite possible—we suspect that such is the fact—that the proportion of really qualified clergymen would be found smaller than that of really qualified laymen. But this only proves that discretion is to be exercised in the appointment of clergymen, not that no clergyman is ever to be appointed.

It may, indeed, be said that the exercise of such discretion puts a Lord Lieutenant in an invidious position, that, if he chooses one clergyman and rejects another, he will give offence, and so forth, and that this difficulty is avoided by excluding the clergy altogether. The answer is that the difficulty is not greater in the case of clergymen than in the case of laymen. The Lord Lieutenant has simply to make the same selection, to exercise the same discretion, in the one class of appointments as in the other. In every county there will undoubtedly be some laymen who will be put on the Commission as a matter of course. In every county there will be some men of ancient families and large estates, holding such an acknowledged position that to leave them out, except in some rare and extreme case of manifest unfitness, would be felt as a direct insult. But this class, whose seats on the bench are almost hereditary, do not make up the whole body of the magistracy. In every county there will be others, of smaller possessions, of less ancient descent, but who are still landowners, and who aspire to be looked on as country gentlemen. Among this class there is no such claim to a seat on the

bench almost as a matter of course; appointment or non-appointment must largely depend on personal qualifications. We may put it that the one class will be appointed unless they are clearly disqualified, while the other class will only be appointed if they are clearly qualified. The Lord Lieutenant must pick and choose; he must appoint one man and not appoint another; he must find himself in the same difficulty, and must run the same chance of giving offence, which he does in choosing from among the clergy. Or rather in the case of laymen his difficulty is much greater. Every man who feels himself a *novus homo* in a county—the man who has come from another part of the kingdom, or the man who has risen from a lower rank—is, as a common rule, anxious for a place in the magistracy. It is his letters of nobility, his *ius imaginum*, his formal admission to the class with which he wishes to identify himself. If Lords Lieutenant are troubled with many applications from men of this class, if they sometimes have a difficulty in deciding whom to take and whom to leave out, we are not at all surprised to hear it. But no Lord Lieutenant need fear an ugly rush of all the parsons in his shire, all clamouring to be put on the Commission of the Peace. We do not believe that the clergy, as a class, are anxious to hold the magisterial office. The tastes and pursuits of most of them lead them other ways. But here and there will be found a clergyman without clerical duty and with a large landed estate—a man who, if a layman, would be put on the Commission without a moment's hesitation. Here and there will be found a clergyman whose clerical duties are light, whose disposition is active, and who has a natural turn for public business. Here and there will be found districts where, unless the clergy are appointed, a sufficient number of magistrates cannot be obtained—some districts even where the clergy may be said to be the only men possible to appoint. We could name districts where there is nothing in the shape of a squire for several parishes together, where, unless clergymen are appointed, there must either be no administration of justice at all, or its administration must fall into the hands of men of inferior rank and education. We could name other districts where the refusal to appoint a thoroughly qualified clergyman throws a most unfair share of labour on the lay holders of the office. It does seem absurd, in cases like any of these, to adhere obstinately to an inflexible rule, and to exclude a well-qualified man, whose appointment would be a public benefit, simply because of some private theory of which the law of the land knows nothing.

For the rule of absolute exclusion of the clergy in all cases is nothing in the world but an arbitrary whim of this or that Lord Lieutenant. The law knows no such disqualification. In other closely analogous cases the exclusion is as little known to custom as to law. Clergymen freely fill other local offices of all kinds. They are, without anybody objecting, Waywardens, Guardians of the Poor, Trustees of Turnpike Roads, Commissioners of Taxes, Commissioners of Sewers. If they are not necessarily unfit to discharge all these duties, if these duties are not necessarily inconsistent with all their clerical duties, what is there so mysterious about the post of a Justice of the Peace that a different rule should be held to apply to it? The law sees no necessity for any different rule; why should this or that administrator of the law add restrictions of which the law knows nothing?

There is indeed one local function from which the clergy are excluded. They do not serve as jurors of any class. But this exclusion is held to be a privilege rather than a disqualification. Neither special nor common jurors are usually anxious to serve, while men are anxious to be Justices of the Peace. But we suspect that the exclusion of clergymen from juries has in truth quite another origin. They are excluded on the same ground on which peers are excluded. They belong, like the peer, to another estate of the realm, and they were anciently, like the peer, amenable only to their own courts. If either a peer or a priest was on the jury, an accused commoner would not be tried by his peers. Again, the priest who sat on a jury would in many cases have contracted the stain of blood. Of course all this applies in strictness only to criminal trials. But the necessary exclusion of both classes from one sort of juries would almost necessarily imply their exclusion from juries of every kind.

To sum up all, we are not anxious—we do not believe that the clergy are anxious—for any indiscriminate admission of the clergy to the magisterial office. We hold that, as a rule, magistrates had better be laymen. We only maintain that such a rule ought not to be inflexible; that there are many cases in which the appointment of a clergyman would be a public good, and in which his irreversible exclusion is a public evil. In such cases a Lord Lieutenant should use an intelligent discretion, instead of escaping the exercise of discretion by an arbitrary rule. The cases are not few in which such an arbitrary rule is a distinct injustice both to the public and to the magistracy itself.

#### LORD STANLEY AT LIVERPOOL.

THE success of the Atlantic Telegraph is a subject upon which it is not very easy to expend much eloquence, except of a strictly professional or scientific nature. The considerations which it suggests to the ordinary mind lie pretty much upon the surface, and have been nearly exhausted by this time. We all know that the success is a splendid testimony to the high qualities of British and American enterprise; we feel that, if the gentlemen to whom it is due really find it pleasant to be knights, they have every possible claim to that distinction. We know, too, that we are one step nearer to that delightful consumma-

tion when it will be impossible in any quarter of the globe to put more than a few hours between yourself and London; and when, if the lion does not lie down with the lamb, the two may at any rate be in the closest telegraphic communication. It is, indeed, impossible to appreciate the exact amount of sober truth which lies at the bottom of such language. Undoubtedly there is something in it, and especially something in the credit attributed to the performers of the feat. It was pleasant this summer, when Englishmen have been indulging in so unusual a quantity of self-humiliation, to have one little boast which, however little, was really well-founded. Frenchmen and Germans have been sneering at us, or, still more unkindly, taking no notice of us; but even Germans condescended to bestow their universal epithet of "grossartig" upon the Atlantic Telegraph; and French journalists in a paradoxical humour sometimes made it a text for the regular epigrams contrasting the triumphs of peace and of war. This one little feather in our cap was really agreeable after sitting so long in sackcloth and ashes. Still it is not very easy to perform a great many variations upon so simple a tune. Enough enthusiasm remained to furnish forth the necessary public speaking for a dinner—or, as there appears to be some mysterious difference, a "banquet"—in honour of the occasion. Stimulated by the presence of gentlemen who deserved every compliment that could be paid them, and by the presence of the identical grapple "with bits of seaweed and red coral," which somehow gave it the appearance of having just emerged "from the cozy bed of the Atlantic"—not that there is either seaweed or red coral there, so far as we know—Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord Stanley, and the other speakers did their duty very creditably. The proper remarks were made about the advantages to commerce, the energy of the officials, and the union of England and America, and no one seems to have diverged into an unjustifiable amount of nonsense. Lord Stanley, in particular, made some remarks of characteristic good sense and unimpeachable morality which, if not very new, raised the most generally interesting question involved—the probable effect of telegraphic communication upon our international relations.

What that effect may be does not seem to be quite so plain as might be supposed at first sight. It is rather difficult to say whether, for example, our little difficulties in the last five years would have been more or less easily solved if the first cable had been successfully working. In a merely æsthetic point of view, the Telegraph would have been rather a nuisance than otherwise. It would have spoilt the effect which the delivery of several days' intelligence in a lump was accustomed to produce. To the mere looker-on, whose interest is not so keenly excited as to make all suspense painful, the modern system of telegraphing is rather troublesome. It is like reading a novel after the fashion of foreign newspapers, in daily feuilletons, instead of having it published all at once, or at least at more distant intervals and in larger instalments. To drink a liquor by drops, instead of taking it off in glasses, it is necessary that the flavour should be exceedingly attractive. Persons really interested could bear to watch the progress of events day by day, or hour by hour; but to the great mass of mankind it is pleasanter to allow the interest to accumulate until there is enough to form a satisfactory mouthful. Even as it was, the bloom used to be terribly taken off the accounts of the most exciting battles by the way in which the news dribbled through successive telegrams. As we first had a report that a battle was going on, then two or three contradictory rumours through Mr. Reuter's messages, and only reached the more trustworthy accounts after an interval, we approximated to the truth by slow degrees; the whole budget was not discharged upon us at once; the curtain was drawn up, not smoothly and swiftly, but in a series of jerks. At the present moment, Transatlantic intelligence comes to us in a more distracting way than ever. We seem to be living in three different periods at once. We have a correspondent's letter informing us, for example, that Mr. Seward is dangerously ill; there is a summary from the next mail, which says that he is better; and a direct telegram, which asserts that he is perfectly recovered. President Johnson is revealed to us in three different stages of popularity. The whole effect is like that of a novel in which we know the catastrophe when we are in the middle of the action; the picture of events reminding one of those photographs in which the unlucky sitter has three noses, made out of the successive positions of one feature represented simultaneously. If the greatest pleasure of newspaper reading be, as is sometimes supposed, to have a good big startling piece of perfectly new intelligence, there can be no doubt that it is a good deal damaged by these hasty snacks which spoil our appetite for the substantial meal to follow.

The pleasure of newspaper readers is not, however, after all, the chief thing to be considered in human affairs; and therefore the question whether good or evil is to be anticipated, on the whole, from our nearer neighbourhood to America depends more upon the answer to the question raised by Lord Stanley. Of the commercial utility of the telegraph, and of the advantages of being brought into closer connection with our colonies, it is unnecessary indeed to speak. But is it not rather an awkward experiment to bring into such contiguity two peoples who have shown such indubitable talents for irritating each other's sensibilities? It is an excellent way of making two wild beasts familiar to put them into the same cage, but not till you are quite certain that they won't begin by flying at each other's throats. The mere reflection that a piece of abuse was uttered a fortnight ago takes some of the sting out of it; but when you get it fresh

and hot, and can answer it on the spur of the moment, it is more vexatious. We should fancy that a game of chess played across the table must be more trying for the temper than one of those mysterious contests between distant clubs which are spread over months of correspondence. On this point Lord Stanley did not speak with much confidence. He enforced the moral, which he is peculiarly well entitled to enforce from his own character, that we should refrain from intemperate and hasty criticism. He said, with undeniable truth, that we should be sparing of such criticism ourselves, and not over-sensitive when it is applied to us; and he concluded, very forcibly, that whoever endeavours to estrange England from America is doing the very worst and most mischievous piece of work that a human being can commit. Such advice is excellent; it only leaves one thing to be desired—that it may make the impression which it deserves. Unluckily, good advice on such topics is more a prophecy of danger than an additional guarantee that it will be avoided. When a gentleman has concocted some very smart witticism against his neighbour, he is generally of opinion that the loss to literature which would result from its suppression would be much greater than any injury which it can do by increasing ill-will. In fact, he generally thinks it so palpably true, as well as so admirably expressed, that it must do good even to those against whom it is aimed. Even the fact that a Minister for Foreign Affairs has some time before made a speech at a public dinner deprecating unnecessary severity somehow fails to impress his mind so forcibly as it ought. If such a recollection occurs to him, it generally presents itself to his mind as a fresh condemnation of his antagonist, who is not only insulting, but palpably wrong, rather than as applying to his own moderate though cutting criticism. In fact, the nearer two sensitive antagonists get to each other, the more likely they will be to make their blows felt and to lose their temper, in spite of the good advice that may be freely bestowed upon them. There are, however, some counterbalancing considerations. In the long run, it can hardly be doubted that the effect of closer intimacy is to increase the amount of substantial good feeling, as well as the material guarantees for keeping the peace. When a country is only a few minutes distant—for distance should properly be reckoned by time in other places besides the Alps—it becomes more easy to imagine that it is inhabited by human beings, and not by a race of unaccountable monsters. Our imaginations begin to be impressed by the fact that there is, speaking generally, a good deal of resemblance between human beings, and that other civilized races have more or less like passions and senses with ourselves; and the more points upon which we come in contact with them, the stronger does this conviction become. Moreover, the Telegraph does not yet bring us into such very close communication. The messages which come, at a heavy price per word, are tolerably dry and commonplace. The ingenious sarcasms and epigrams which are supposed to do so much damage come afterwards, and may even be superseded to some extent by the telegraphic communications. Nations, as Lord Stanley puts it, converse by means of newspapers; but, as we have not yet taken to telegraphing newspapers bodily, it would perhaps be fairer to expect that we shall conduct our business conversations for the future in the dry and pithy style so peculiarly favoured by a charge of a pound a word, and leave articles to contain the mere supplementary talk, to which no one need attend who does not like. In time the closer connection which telegraphs encourage must tend to increase our mutual toleration, and meanwhile they will not practically make our criticisms more prominent.

When, indeed, such cases as the *Trent* affair recur, if we should be unfortunate enough to have more of them, the Telegraph gives a greater chance of hasty action. But here, too, there is evidently a compensation. During the time which elapsed between the seizure of the *Trent* and the news of the impression which it had made in England, the American people had time, it is true, to cool down; but they also had time to commit themselves to a line of action. Perhaps it would have been more favourable to peace that they should have known at once in what spirit we took it, than that stump-orators should have had time to make fools of themselves all over the country by talking on a totally false hypothesis. So far as the popular feeling was concerned, the two nations were more likely to get into hopelessly irreconcilable attitudes when neither of them could watch the motions of the other. To the Government the possession of the Telegraph would simply have given a greater choice of means. It might either have acted, had it been thought necessary, with greater promptitude, or it might have taken exactly the same time for deliberation that it actually did. From this point of view, therefore, we get to the delicate question whether, on the whole, it is well that Governments should have greater latitude of action; and this, again, depends upon the further question whether, on the whole, Governments generally act sensibly, to which it is perhaps safer not to give too decided an answer. As, however, we are compelled to trust our Government, such as it is, to decide a good many points of some importance, we must hope that this additional instrument may be safely put into its hands. It will perhaps be tempting to some future President or Prime Minister to declare war like a clap of thunder in a telegraphic message. It would produce a good theatrical effect to send an ultimatum across the Atlantic after breakfast and receive the answer before dinner. On the whole, however, it is not the prevailing fault of the present race of Ministers, at least upon our side of the water, to carry on business after too precipitate and



Napoleonic a fashion; and it is not perhaps rash to indulge a hope that, by the time a new race springs up, the millennium of good will to be introduced by steam and electricity may be beginning to make its appearance. Speculation upon such points as these rests upon very uncertain grounds, but the solid advantages to be derived from the success of the Telegraph, especially to the shareholders in the Company, is undeniable; and after all the nonsense which has been talked upon the subject has evaporated, there is a good residuum of solid advantage upon which we may safely congratulate ourselves, and for which we may be thankful to the energy and skill which has attained it.

#### THE CARPATHIANS.

CLIMBERS whom every summer sees at Zermatt or Pontresina have latterly begun to look on one another with mournful questioning eyes, as coal-owners do when the probable duration of the carboniferous deposits is discussed, or farmers when the conversation turns on the state of the guano islands. "Where are we to go next?" It is not ten years since mountaineering became a fashion, and already the Alps are used up. There is now hardly a peak worth doing in Switzerland or Savoy which has not been "done" by some member of that army which occasional misadventure and the censure of elderly people make only more numerous and more daring. Even Dauphiné and the Tyrol have been pretty well ransacked, despite the comparative difficulties of travelling in those regions, and men are found speculating on the possibility of getting sport out of the secondary mountain chains, deficient though they are in snow. The prospect, however, is not very encouraging there. Grand as is the scenery of the Pyrenees, they have few really stimulating mountains to show; the Sierra Nevada, or the Apennines, or the so-called Dovrefield, still fewer. Thus it has happened that some persons have turned their eyes southward and eastward, projecting excursions to the Atlas and the Balkan and the Carpathians; perhaps even to the Caucasus and Ararat. These are the fresh fields and pastures new which, in a season or two, some of our brethren will be seeking; and of these the nearest and most accessible are the Carpathians.

Unfortunately they are also the lowest. Through the whole extent of the chain there is not a snow mountain, and consequently, of course, not a glacier, so that the most characteristic beauty and difficulty of Alpine climbing will be found wholly wanting. And in one respect they seem even lower than they are. Looking at the map of Hungary and Poland, one sees a narrow, well-defined range, marked in dark lines as running from the Danube at Presburg in an enormous arc—east, south-east, and south—almost to the shores of the Black Sea. But on going to Hungary, and driving or walking up to and into the Carpathians, one loses the notion of a main range altogether, and gets only the impression of innumerable ridges of nearly equal height running in every direction. Here and there is some happily placed point (Hermannstadt is such a one) from which twenty or thirty miles of continuous high peaks, set close together, may be discerned, and then one seems for the moment to have recovered the idea of the map. But for the most part the traveller is conscious only of a great mountain tract—hills, valleys, and plateaux, with here and there a more conspicuous summit almost isolated from its fellows. These highest tops are not necessarily on the watershed, where the map-maker fondly places them, but just as often are quite away from the main chain, adorning some subsidiary ridges. But it seldom happens that they are near the level country—near enough, that is, to be seen from it, so that their eight or nine thousand feet shall make a worthy impression on the beholder's eye. For example, the highest mountain knot of the chain—the Tatra, with its culminating point the Lomnitzer Spitze—is some fifty or sixty miles, as the crow flies, from the Hungarian plain, twice as far as Monte Rosa from Lago Maggiore. Thus its granite peaks, abrupt and wild as they are, seem to want height and majesty, since they rise among other hills not so very much lower, and since there is no flat, not even the flat of a good-sized lake, to contrast with them. The same thing happens at the other end of the chain, on the borders of Moldavia and Wallachia. Transylvania is a high country throughout, and when we see mountains of six or eight thousand feet above the sea rise off plains of two thousand or two thousand five hundred, we feel mortified, and are half-inclined to pronounce the whole affair an imposition. Ben Nevis from the Caledonian Canal, or even Cader Idris from Dolgelly, is a grander object than some of the great Carpathian peaks rising slowly behind their broad-based spurs and buttresses. For even their forms are often wanting in nobleness. At the north-east corner of Transylvania, for instance, where it borders on Hungary and the Bukovina, several high summits lie near each other—Kelemen, Pietroszul, Kuhhorn, and others—all exceeding seven thousand feet. When one is lucky enough to catch a glimpse of them from a great distance on a clear day, their huge blue masses look very imposing, and to the mountaineer very tempting. He fancies lines of scornful crag girdling their sides, and romantic valleys nestling under the shadow of tall peaks. He packs up his knapsack and sets out; travels for a day or more over a dull, bare, undulating country, and then begins to pierce the mountain region by one of its main valleys. Most probably he finds himself on that tertiary sandstone conglomerate which covers such vast areas in the Carpathians, and all along the river side he sees ranges of cliff and picturesque rock pinnacles rising out of the

feathery oak and hazel copse. All very pretty, he thinks, but nothing to what is coming among the high mountains. At last, when the blocks of slate and gneiss in the river-bed show that he is approaching the axis of the chain, and the map proves that he cannot be far from the destined object of his pilgrimage, he asks his local guide—if he is lucky enough to have one who can speak German—to point out the mountain which he has come into the wilderness to see. The guide is of course useless, for the name on the map is never the name which the people use. Then, after more fruitless questioning, he begs to be taken where he may see the highest mountain of the district. They lead him to the top of a hill, and show him a summit which he perhaps can, perhaps cannot, identify with that which he saw from the plain and came to scale. But it is not a peak; one can hardly call it a mountain; it is the highest part of a long broad ridge, smooth in outline, and thickly covered with wood. He feels no longer any ardour to ascend it, and wishes now that he had taken more time to explore the picturesque sandstone mountains which he has passed through so hastily.

This is one of those disappointments which a traveller who comes with Alpine ideas to the Carpathians is pretty sure to encounter. But he will have compensations sufficient, in the judgment of many, to outweigh disappointments heavier than this. There is a great deal of pretty scenery among these hills, when one knows where to look for it. The mica schist and gneiss mountains, such as the three named above, are for the most part lumpy and heavy, like so many of their congeners nearer home. It is among the newer rocks, especially the very recent limestones and sandstone conglomerates, that one finds really striking and beautiful forms—forms with a character of their own, as unlike to Switzerland as they are to England. They are not peaks, but high ridges or great irregular masses, undulating on the top, and breaking down towards the valley in long walls of crag, sometimes smooth and inaccessible, sometimes interrupted by fantastic pinnacles and solid tower-like buttresses that jut forward like the bastions of a fortress. The beauties of colour even surpass those of form. The limestone cliffs are either grey or of that exquisite bluish tint which one sees in the Bavarian Tyrol and in the limestone mountains of the West of Ireland, though never in English hills of the same rock. Those of the sandstone conglomerate are generally of a dazzling white, whose contrast with the dark-green pine forests that grow up to the very foot of the precipice produces in the clear bright air of those countries effects of magical beauty. Like the somewhat kindred scenery of the dolomite mountains, such effects are almost too peculiar, the contrasts of colour too strong, to be represented on canvas; but he who has once seen them under favourable circumstances—an amphitheatre of black pines, with those crystalline spires and towers rising out of it—will need no picture to refresh his memory of the scene.

A second charm of the Carpathians is of a different character. Irrespective of the character of the mountains on which they grow, the forests have something wonderfully impressive about them. They have, it is true, very little to distinguish them from forests in the Alps, or the Riesengebirge, or many other places equally well known to the tourist. Nor are they to be called beautiful, although every now and then one gets beautiful scenes in them when the evening sun strikes through a vista of trees, pierces the maze of brushwood and fallen trunks, and lights up the tender green of the ferns and grasses that grow, mixed with the yellow balsam, upon the moist rank soil. They are too monotonous to be beautiful; but the monotony which destroys beauty often creates solemnity, and these forests are pre-eminently solemn. Their extent is vast, and when one gazes from a hill-top over a sea of ridges, rolling one over another into the extreme distance, all clothed with pines from base to summit, it seems boundless. They are all but trackless, the paths being few and obscure even to the natives; they are, except near the large rivers, where the wood trade is plied, exceedingly solitary; and they are full of wild beasts. Bears, wolves, and wild cats are common; lynxes are not unknown; and, wherever they can find a cliff to build their eyries in, eagles and vultures abound. Now and then one is met by ghastly stories of robbers, prowling about in large bands, who not only plunder their victim, but strip and beat him till he is half dead. The inhabitants, those few whom the traveller meets, belong to strange outlandish races, of whose speech and habits he knows nothing—Slovaks and other Slavic tribes, Wallachs, and Szeklers. The mountains have had no history, have never come forward on the theatre of the world, or become associated in our minds with great men and great events, like the Alps and Pyrenees and Apennines. One hears indeed of castles built by the Huns, and is told that here or here the Tartar invaders poured across to ravage the plains and carry Christians into captivity; but Huns and Tartars seem more than half mythical, and the only bit of living history one gets is when some indignant patriot points out a pass through which the Russians marched, in 1849, to crush the independence of Hungary. So it comes that in traversing these forests one has a sense of loneliness and desolation, of the majestic gloom of the wilderness, such as is hardly to be felt elsewhere on this side of the Atlantic. We seem carried back into primitive Europe as we gaze over vast tracts unchanged since the days when an adventurous trader brought down to the Greek colonies on the Pontus those strange tales of savage tribes which Herodotus records—tales of the gold-bedecked Agathyrsi, and the cannibal Androphagi, and the Neurians, who turn themselves once a year into wolves.

Of the botany and geology of this region we do not speak, since to discuss them to any purpose would require an entire article. It may suffice to say that both are of the highest interest. The flora of the loftier mountains is half Asiatic in its character; species appearing here which do not re-appear till we reach the Altai, more than a thousand miles off. Over the whole length of the chain the geologist will find mines which it is to be hoped he will enjoy more than the hapless unscientific traveller whom a sense of duty to his temporary host drives into their dark recesses. He will find, too, an extraordinary development of the earlier cainozoic and newer mesozoic strata; and in the south-eastern mountains he may examine a district where hot springs, sulphur grottoes, and half-obliterated craters bear witness to a not very remote period of volcanic action.

As a place to travel in, these Carpathian regions have a very obvious advantage, with equally obvious drawbacks. There is the pleasure of being in a perfectly fresh country, where even the little things which one sees as it were by the wayside have something strange, and therefore interesting, about them. In a place where few foreigners and hardly any Englishmen come, the Englishman is an object, not only of wonder, but also of unvarying kindness and hospitality. On the other hand, there are considerable hardships to be encountered. In the private houses of the landed gentry and the better class of townspeople the traveller is well off; but such good fortune is not always his. On the road he has a good deal to suffer physically, sometimes from the excruciating jolting of the waggons, which seem to shake loose all the vertebrae of the spine; sometimes from saddles that are always too small, and stirrup-leathers that are always too short, cramping the leg till it loses sensation. But it is at night that the severest ordeal begins. Perhaps the wayfarer gets, it may be in an inn, it may be in a forester's hut, to bed at ten or eleven, and sleeps from sheer weariness for an hour or two. Then about twelve he is awakened by the darts of an army of nimble foes, and, after some ineffectual tossings and maledictions, he lights his candle and organizes a defence. When practice has made him expert he will not find it difficult to kill four or five dozen in the course of an hour or two, and by that time, though the enemy's forces are only repulsed and not annihilated, he will probably be tired enough to get to sleep again, and may slumber till daylight. Such a night, when one gets five or six hours' sleep and has only fleas to deal with, may be considered, on the whole, a success. There are darker scenes than these, and foes more cruel than the flea; but it is well to pass them over in silence. He who never seeks the Carpathians need know nothing of them; he who does is sure to know too much. Whether the pains of journeying in a wild country outweigh the pleasures is a question which every man settles for himself according to his own temperament. In the Carpathians we believe that the pleasures have, on the whole, the best of it. Even the tortures of the night are forgotten when the sufferer comes out into the clear morning air, and inhales the rich scent of the pine woods; much more when, from the brow of a bald cliff, there opens before him one of those wonderful prospects of which we have already spoken.

#### LORD SHAFTESBURY ON SOCIAL SCIENCE.

AT the first thought there is something very startling in the idea of Lord Shaftesbury joining in any sort of fellowship with anything bearing the name of science. It looks as if this distinguished theological leader were about to enter into a fatal compromise with that baneful and pestilent abstraction, the spirit of the age. Of all the mischievous elements which compose this spirit, science is the most destructive and the most incorrigible, the most audacious and the least willing to submit to those salutary restraints which Lord Shaftesbury and his friends are so anxious to place upon it for its own good. Nothing that he can say about books being vomited from the jaws of hell, which is his polite way of expressing a difference of opinion, prevents the army of scientific inquirers from pushing on their march. They are utterly given up to a reprobate mind, and in a spirit of infatuation insist on preferring truth to the approval of those legions of literates and bishops and Dorcasses who look up to Lord Shaftesbury as to a Holy Father.

It is a comfort, however, to find that Lord Shaftesbury's animosity against the votaries of scientific truth is still unquenched. He has only turned to that peculiar and exceedingly harmless kind of science, quite falsely so called, which is styled Social Science, and which is about as much like real science as a Jerusalem pony is like a real pony. There can be nothing to alarm Lord Shaftesbury's most trusting admirers in the countenance which he has given to this branch of the intellectual movement of the time. The whole tone of his inaugural address at Manchester is quite in accordance with his very well-known theory of things. No doubt some of his socially scientific hearers were not of his own way of thinking; for theological heresy, which is more odious in Exeter Hall than in the Vatican, has obtained a foothold even in an Association whose President has edited *Paley's Evidences*. It was, no doubt, for the good of these wicked and fallen sociologists that Lord Shaftesbury gave an extraordinarily strong flavour of his usual style to his oration. On the whole, probably, it is a mistake to use to a body of more or less educated people that fashion of talking which is so truly delightful to Young Men's Christian Associations and Infant Bands of Hope. Is it worth while to pay a subscription, to go all the way to Manchester,

and to sit a whole evening, in order to be told such things as that you ought to be civil and kindly to your servants, because "we read in the Book of Ruth that Boaz said to his reapers 'The Lord be with you,' and they answered him, 'The Lord bless thee'?" We suspect that a man who is habitually harsh, overbearing, and inconsiderate to his servants will not be moved from his evil course by the courteous conduct of Boaz. This, however, is a fair sample of what social science means in the mouths of persons like Lord Shaftesbury. It means little more than a collection of practical maxims, some good and sound, and others bad or silly, such as might be found in *Poor Richard's Almanack*, or in the headings of a very superior sort of copy-book. A few precepts of this kind in a setting of sermon constitute pretty nearly all that his Lordship found to say. Some of the setting, which was meant to be especially superfine, is less satisfactory when read in the cold shade of print than it may have been in the heat of delivery. For instance, Lord Shaftesbury says that the contemplation of the sky at night makes us recognise "an omnipotent yet gentle principle that demands and receives a willing and exact obedience." And then, he continues, "when we turn our thoughts to the globe on which we dwell, we see in all the works of the Great First Cause the same invariable principle; it ruled at the creation, has prevailed throughout all time, and will bless the countless ages of eternity; it is the law of kindness and love." That is, just as the planets move on a gentle principle, whatever that may mean, so on our own globe every creature is guided by the law of kindness and love; for instance, we suppose, a spider when it catches a fly, or a tiger, an alligator, an anthropophagous savage, or the sea and the winds. These and ten thousand other instances of a similar kind would illustrate with wonderful perfection Lord Shaftesbury's theory. Lord Shaftesbury himself, when speaking of a person who does not think as he does, is a beautiful example of the prevalence of a gentle principle, of the law of kindness and love. The gentle principle in such a case is modified as it was by the Republican who cried, "*Sois mon frère ou je te tue*." Surely at least nine-tenths of the people of Manchester must have known that this smug theory of things is as untrue to all the facts of the universe as anything could be. Why, the globe is brimful of cruelty and ferocity; the very condition of life to a large proportion of animated beings is a prolonged and bloody struggle for the lives of other beings. The whole progress of mankind is the history of an advance away from the principle which we find in contemplating the natural universe—from that principle of cruelty and pain and hardness which Lord Shaftesbury preposterously calls the gentle principle. Of course, if he gets his views about the philosophy of creation, as he seems to do, from "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," he may well think that man alone is vile, and that, but for him, all would be full of calm and gentleness and love. Even in this case, however, he ought to take into account another stanza from the same poet, which would remind him in what dogs delight, and what bears and lions do. When Lord Shaftesbury says that the law of kindness is one which human beings ought zealously to practise, he is supremely right. This is one of the best of the copy-book commonplaces which his oration was devoted to adorning. But when he goes on to say that this law is not only "rich in promise and joyous in operation," but also "certain as truth itself," we should like to know precisely what he means. In what sense of the word "law" can the law of kindness be called as certain as truth itself? If he means that it is a command imposed by the Creator, it is absurd to praise it for being true. Truth is not the test of positive commands. If he means that it represents an order of facts, that kindness is a universal agency actually at work like gravitation, then his proposition is very obviously as untrue as it well can be. After all, we suppose that all he really meant was that kindness is a good thing, and that the more there is of it the better for the world. Than this nothing could be more excellent, and the only pity is that Lord Shaftesbury should have tried to put it in what sounded like a very scientific way. This is the worst of calling chat for benevolent and useful purposes by the name of social science. It makes people anxious to put their homely and often most serviceable notions into such very big garments that the notions get quite out of sight.

Addresses of the Young Men's Association stamp, on which Lord Shaftesbury's harangue was apparently modelled, generally contain an immense amount of strong language in proportion to the fact or reasoning which may be found underneath it. For example, his Lordship was justly horrified by some of the circumstances connected with the employment of little girls in the brickfields. "Hundreds of little girls," he tells us, "from eight to eleven years of age, half-naked, and so besmeared with dirt as to be barely distinguishable from the soil they stand on, are put to work in these abodes of oppression." Perhaps, by the way, if they had been at play they would have been scarcely more distinguishable from the soil, but the degradation of such employments is of course not to be disputed. Only, why begin to talk about "this wicked scorn of female rights"? Suppose these wretched and barbarized urchins were little boys instead of little girls, the degradation would be the same in the long run, because the men and women of the place are sure to find a common level. Besides, as for "female rights," we hardly know, here again, what it is that Lord Shaftesbury really means. Have little boys no rights, and if they have, what is the difference between these and the rights of little girls? In connection with this barbarous condition of the female children in the brickfields, we come across an old friend.



"Mothers and wives these girls can never be in the high and holy sense of these words." Most of us would be only too well pleased to be able to think that the women of the lowest classes in the scale of English civilization were in a position to be good mothers and wives in a very prosaic and common sense of the words. We shall be perfectly content with something ever so much lower than a high and holy brickmaker. If he would save his money, and not thrash his wife, and be kind to the brutes, and not get too drunk too often, he would have made a sufficiently great move for purposes of social science. Here, again, very likely this is no more nor less than Lord Shaftesbury means when he talks of highness and holiness.

Of course there was something to be said about education, and Lord Shaftesbury was very earnest in vowing that education is a good thing. Unluckily, in the very next column there happens to be a quotation from the speech of a fellow-worshipper of social science. "Twenty years ago," Mr. Fawcett had said the preceding day, "Lord Shaftesbury led the landed interest in forcing the Factory Acts upon the manufacturing interest. But now I will say this to Lord Shaftesbury—let him extend the zeal which he showed in improving the education in your own county to his own district, nay, even to his own estate." And Lord Shaftesbury himself admitted that the educational condition of the agricultural labourers is about as deplorably bad as it well can be. It is unpleasant, though wholesome, to remember in connection with all that he says on this subject, that if there is one set of persons who have more actively and persistently than another thrown obstacles in the way of a great and effective and rational system of popular education, it is that too powerful religious party of whom Lord Shaftesbury himself is the leader. If he could only induce the people who look up to him as their chief to abandon their hostility to every step that is proposed towards a scheme of this sort, he would do more good to his country than if he were to go on delivering harangues about social science for a century to come.

#### LATIN AND GREEK VERSE-WRITING.

SHALL we turn Pegasus out to grass, as a mere incumbrance? Such is the suggestion made in various influential quarters. Can Greek and Latin versification hold their ground against the flood of "ologies" which increases every time the British Association meets? The champions of different systems of education—that which treats language as the leading offshoot of mind, and poetry as the highest form of language, and that which would strengthen the mental receptacle by a mathematical course, and then stuff it with physics as a warehouse with cotton—are not likely to find a middle term of agreement. They argue from the opposite sides of the shield, and, before either has succeeded in convincing the other, it becomes necessary to educate the rising generation of children. The system actually established on the ground enjoys therefore the prestige of establishment, and others drive at some disadvantage the wedge which is intended to displace it.

We assume, then, that the study of language is the best means of developing the mind generally; and that the dead languages, Latin and Greek, are the best vehicles of language in general, by reason of the depth to which they permeate modern European languages, the extent to which the thoughts first and most freshly expressed in them have leavened modern thought, the extent to which the history which they embody forms the background to and accounts for modern history, and also by reason of their intrinsic excellence as linguistic models, and the fixedness of their grammatical types. It is not overstating the case to say that, beyond this, the poetry which these dead languages possess has become the heirloom of civilized mankind, and is the noblest portion of that imperishable treasure of antiquity which they have transmitted to us. The original germs of poetic thought may spring indeed from any soil; and the modern world has, over the ancient, the inestimable advantage of Christianity, teaching man the true dignity of his nature, and the real standard by which to measure himself and to estimate all the elements of that nature. But mediæval poetry, when it first awoke, was but a rib from the side of the ancient classics. Beyond this, however, and leaving for the present all question of the relative originality of germs of thought—the fact remains, that for dignity, majesty, precision, and splendour of style, for rarity, versatility, and elegance of expression, and for that severe refinement of aptness which makes the word or phrase the proper outcrop of the inward thought, ancient poetry is unrivalled and, it would seem, inimitable. Besides this, again, it is ancient poetry which has popularized and perpetuated the picture of the ancient heathen world—of man as he was at the highest point to which his own unassisted efforts had been able to raise him. His strength and his weakness, his ideal excellences, his practical attainments, his lamentable shortcomings, are all mirrored there. The history and the philosophy of antiquity are invaluable, and could ill be spared; but its poetry is what makes the ancient world near of kin to us, and is that by which we feel that the men of old were bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. The poetry of a race is what redeems it from perishing as a race, and immortalizes not only the individual poet, but the men who first loved his song and were gladdened by it. This is what binds together the hearts of the ancient and modern worlds. To study this gives a depth and a perspective to all human studies, for want of which all education reared on another basis seems shallow and scholastic.

But to study fruitfully these masterpieces of antiquity we must

ourselves acquire a mastery over their diction. Translation of their grandest specimens into our own mother tongue is insufficient to ensure this. To know them as they deserve to be known we should reverse the process, and throw ourselves on their resources for diction and expression. Thus only can attention to the nicer shades of meaning be duly enforced. Thus only, moreover, can a clear light be held up to the contrast between ancient and modern forms of thought. The analogies and the differences which occur between the diverse modes of presenting the same sentiment in language can in no other way be clearly brought out. By these exercises the mind imbibes and assimilates the resources of expression which those languages contain, which are probably the highest that human linguistic powers are capable of producing. But the power of association which is inseparable from poetic language carries us much further than the mechanical power of wielding a vocabulary. Such exercises in translation are not mere plays of words. They do not merely toy with elegant verbal superficialities, but they let us deeply into the inner sympathies of the poet who is for the time our model, and with his diction we appropriate his thoughts. With such an aim in view, the student works, "not in the letter, but in the spirit." Thus only can a poet be studied from within by those who are by nature strangers to his phraseology. We thus attain to something of the point of view from which he read man and nature, and seem to see with his eyes, to think with his brain, and to feel with his heart. In this way we overpass the barrier of individuality, and escape from the narrow region of our personal self and its experiences into the larger region of man. This indeed is the only way in which the ideal can obtain a firm hold over the mind at large. No study of plastic or pictorial art can ever do this to the same extent. The highest subjects of the chisel or the pencil touch us comparatively at a few points merely, whereas in poetry we bathe in an atmosphere which penetrates us at every pore. And this is perhaps the ultimate point to which any argument on the question can reach. What is really involved is the influence of the ideal in education. Of the ideal, poetry is the highest and the most comprehensive expression; ancient poetry offers the most effective vehicle, at once by its analogies and by its contrasts with what is naturally most familiar to us; and ancient poetry is only thoroughly studied through these attempts to cast our more familiar thoughts in its moulds.

It will readily be perceived that the value of the exercise relatively to the individual student is independent of the absolute degree of excellence to which he may attain in it. If he does his best in the attempt to imitate what is perfect, the sympathy for the ideal which he imbibes thereby is the measure of the benefit to him, and this remains in spite of the perhaps crude character of his own performance. And, conversely, it is true of the closest approximation to these lofty models to which the ripest scholarship can attain, that they are not so much directly valuable for the imitative and artistic power which they exhibit, as for the depth to which they show those sympathies to have gone, and the extent to which they prove that ideal to have been imbibed. The truth is in this case precisely the reverse of the canon which applies to original poetry. There mediocrity is valueless. Here it has its worth; and even excellence itself is more valuable for the sake of something which lies beyond it. The happiest translation of a passage from Shakspeare or Milton is only a flower put forth by a potential sap which is working deep below.

It is a popular fallacy that a vast deal of time is consumed on verse exercises. Of course the drill in the mechanical facility of versification requires a competent period of practice, which will vary with the aptitude of the pupil. But the material out of which these verses are spun is really accumulated from the texts which are read in the course of study. The mind is charged with images and phrases from a constant intercourse with the poets, and discharges itself in verse exercises as naturally as a lake lets off its waters in a rill. Such compositions are as natural and proper a result of the study of the poets as prose composition is of the study of Cicero or Plato. The hours which are spent in the fruitful perusal of the poets of Greece and Rome are what feed the metrical composition of the student; and when he begins to find something beyond mere drudgery in that composition, he may be sure that he is studying his authors to good purpose. But beyond the facilities which it gives to the thorough study of the poets, and the advantages which the ideal thereby acquires, the practice of verse composition is the only exercise which the ordinary English student finds in elegance of language. To be accurate is the first thing; and the rigid measurement of phrase for phrase which contributes to this end is best studied in prose translation, which admits of the exhaustive analysis of all the elements of diction. But the frequent failure of a verbally faultless translation to convey the soul and spirit of a passage is less easily shown in prose than in verse. The prose translation into Greek or Latin may be adequate, if it is that of an ordinary piece of English, even although it be laid down like a pavement, bit by bit, by rule and square. But, in treating poetry after this fashion, we shall probably find that the soul has evaporated under the treatment. The exercise, then, of translating poetry is valuable, as showing the student that there is something in the thought itself, no doubt only perceptible in connection with the language, which yet defies the purely verbal student, and, when phrase and expression have been *de facto* rendered, remains to him impenetrable. But yet, again, we contend that, next at least after accuracy, elegance of expression is worthy of cultivation, for "the style is the man"; and that it is best cultivated in exercises which, if they

do not propose that as their special end, at least are worthless without it. To aim indeed expressly at elegance of phrase, as a distinct end in itself, may easily lead a man into a mere foppish style. But exercises which are only successful when elegantly rendered do not necessarily conduce to this. These cultivate elegance of mind through elegance of style. Their direct object is to give "the spirit" of the author; the laws of perfect translation being such that, while that spirit is one of beauty, none but an elegant cast of diction can possibly be its perfect vehicle. And here the opposite holds good to that which we remarked when speaking of the reaction of verse composition on the study of the ideal. The elegance of the rendering is a distinct factor in the result, so far as it relates to the cultivation of elegance as a point of style; whereas a student may elevate himself towards the ideal which he contemplates without achieving the graces of diction in any marked degree.

This cultivation of elegance of mind is a distinct part of the highest education, and ought not to be abandoned. Since "art is long and life is short," many may be willing to exchange it for other results now miscellaneously comprehended under the word education. Still it stands on its proper ground of intrinsic value; and whenever it shall have been abandoned, the quality of that highest education will have perceptibly deteriorated. On the other hand, where an education which is *not* the highest is preferred, to attempt to force upon it the standard fitted only for the highest is unpractical in itself, and unjust towards those whose interests lie in the direction of a second-rate education. How to combine in one institution a first-rate and a second-rate education is a problem which may give practical trouble to those who administer it, and with which we have no intention to meddle here. It is sufficient to have indicated the competing claims out of which it springs.

With regard to the value of original verse-writing, we are of opinion that it is of general value only as conducing to the habit of felicitous translation. Those who possess even the *spiritum tenem Camæne* may possibly write original verses in the ancient tongues, as in the vernacular, which have a value for their own sake. But, on the whole, the effusion of metrical phrases without thought is so easy a process, and one into which those who lack originality—that is, the immense majority of students—fall with so ready a proclivity, that we are constrained to discourage the exercise of original versification, save as a slightly higher stage of what are, perhaps invidiously, distinguished as "nonsense" verses.

#### BLOODY BONNER.

**A**LLITERATION is far from being the useless figure of speech which it might at first sight be judged. It has on many and various occasions done good service to its employer. Its use in poetry, where its province is supposed peculiarly to lie, we shall not attempt to discuss. But perhaps few readers are aware how extensively it has been used by prose writers, or with what damaging effect it has been levelled against the character of individuals. Probably there is no instance in history where it has been so mischievously successful as in handing down the name of Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London, to the execrations of three successive centuries; and perhaps there never was a character for hard-hearted cruelty so undeservedly earned. Most persons who know anything of Fox's *Acts and Monuments* are familiar with the terms "wily Winchester" and "bloody Bonner." Of the former he may, for all we know, have been the inventor; but most certainly he adopted the latter from a previous writer. And this, as will be seen in the sequel, is of some importance. We have no objection that we care to urge against the epithet of "wily" as applied to Gardiner. Probably readers of history who derive their notions of character from Fox are for the most part persuaded that there is no amount of low cunning which Gardiner would not have been guilty of in order to compass his purposes, whilst the mass of English people as fully believe that Bonner's one characteristic was savage brutality. Now wily, it so happens, is a fortunately chosen epithet for Gardiner. There can be little doubt that he was, after the death of Wolsey, one of the ablest men of his day, both as a lawyer and divine. Wolsey's sagacity was never at fault, and he had chosen him for the most difficult of all diplomatic employments when he sent him, in the beginning of 1523, to cajole Clement VII. into pronouncing in favour of the divorce from Catharine of Arragon, and the marriage with Anne Boleyn. But it does not follow, because Fox's alliteration in the case of "wily Winchester" may be admitted fairly to represent the clever diplomatist who afterwards discharged the office of Chancellor with so much credit to himself, that the other combination of consonants in the case of "bloody Bonner" is equally felicitous. We have said that Fox may have invented one of these alliterations; but it is of the utmost importance to observe that he did not invent, but only adopted, the other. It is very likely indeed that Fox would have invented it if he had not found it in use; and, if it had been first found in Fox, all the world would have known why it was used. The part that Bonner is represented as playing in sundry burnings for heresy in the reign of Philip and Mary, would fully account for—and, if all that Fox says were only true, would go a good way towards justifying—the epithets "bloody" and "butcherly" which have been unsparingly heaped upon his memory. But dates are sometimes of importance in historical investigations, and it is worth our while to observe that in this instance they prove that the

epithet "bloody" had, in the first instance, nothing to do with what are called the Marian persecutions. A correct and complete "List of the Martyrs who suffered in England during the reign of Queen Mary" may be seen in the late Dr. Maitland's *Essays on Subjects connected with the Reformation in England*; and we find that the first sufferer was John Rogers, who was burnt at Smithfield on the 4th of February, 1555, i.e. about a year and a half after the accession of Mary, and about six months after her marriage with Philip of Spain; that is to say, in what is technically called the first and second year of Philip and Mary. Now we are not concerned here to show the bearing of this fact upon the character of the Queen who has so long been stigmatized with the same epithet as the Bishop of London. The only use we mean to make of it is to show that Bonner's being concerned, in whatever way or to whatever extent, in these executions was not the cause of the epithet "bloody" being applied to him. We have traced the adjective back to the year 1554. We do not say positively it was not in existence earlier, but it certainly was in print in that year.

John Bale, who had been driven from his bishopric of Ossory at the accession of Mary, went across the sea, and in the year 1554 published "A Declaration of Edmonde Bonner's Articles concerning the Clergy of London diocese, whereby that execrable Antichrist is in his right colours revealed in the year of our Lord A.D. 1554." By John Bale." It is further worth while to observe that Bale deals very largely in this figure of speech, and certainly, in some cases, seems to indulge in alliteration without paying much attention either to truth or wit. As specimens of this we may observe that he usually characterizes the bishops as being "bloody bite-shapes"; and when he descends to particulars, treats us to such combinations as the following—*a, g*, "gagging Gardiner," "butcherly Bonner," and "trifling Tunstall." In another passage of this work we have a larger enumeration of prelates, each with his own appropriate epithet. Thus, "glorious Gardiner, blowe-bolle Bonner, tottering Tunstall, wagtail Weston, and carted Chicken" all occur in a single sentence. We are unable to give any opinion on the "carted Chicken," for it is a name entirely unknown to us, but the reader may judge for himself of the appropriateness of the other epithets. That Tunstall was tottering may possibly be true, for he was an old man; but to call him trifling is simply a mistake, when applied to a man who might with more truth have been accused of gravity and sententiousness. And if the other adjectives have no more foundation in truth than this, it seems fair to suppose that Bale did not much care for anything besides the jingling sound of the succession of the same initial letters. Further to illustrate this fancy of the Protestant Bishop of Ossory, we may just notice that Bonner is also styled by him "a beastly belly God," a "damnable dunghill," and a "porkish Papist," whilst the initial consonant (*b*) is made to do further service still in connecting his name with the words "blasphemy," "blind buzzard," "block-head," "brockish bore," "bastard," and the like. In fact, Bale evidently acted on the principle that you have only to throw dirt enough, and some of it will be sure to stick. In the case of the Bishop of London it has, unfortunately, nearly all stuck. Whether Bale really thought that Bonner was a bastard, we need not inquire. What we are more concerned with now is that it has been very commonly believed. Subsequent Protestant historians have eagerly adopted the calumny. A notable instance of the avidity with which they have endeavoured to throw a slur upon the characters of Popish bishops and their families occurs in Burnet's History. The story is told in the preface to the recent Oxford edition, how Fulman informed its author that a bastard brother of Bonner's by the same father was Wymmesley, Archdeacon of London. Burnet had himself asserted, without a particle of evidence unless Bale's scurrility may be taken as evidence, that Bonner had many bastards, and that he was believed to be the bastard son of a priest named Savage, who was himself the bastard of Sir John Savage of Cheshire. The whole story is, from beginning to end, a mere fiction. But Burnet seems to have thought it was better to make Bonner's mother as bad as he could than to run down his father, and he altered and adapted the story accordingly. It was unfortunate that these writers were unable to produce any papal dispensation for Bonner's consecration, as they ought to have known very well that such a bull must have been obtained before Bonner could occupy the see of London. In point of fact, Bonner was really born in wedlock of honest and humble parents, as even Strype was obliged to confess. It seems that Baron Lechmore could only account for Bonner's being given out as the bastard son of one Savage from his having been of so savage a disposition. The Baron's great grandfather was a particular friend of Bonner's, and in the time of Queen Elizabeth, i.e. after Bonner's deprivation, had bought of him the house in Worcestershire where he was born, and which he seems to have inherited. It is unfortunate that the correspondence between this gentleman and Bonner, which had been preserved up to the year 1695, is now missing. There is only a portion of one letter which is known to have survived. This has been printed by Burnet, and, brief as it is, it bears out the character which seems to belong to him—namely, that of a jolly, good-natured, plain-spoken person, who was fond of enjoying himself in his own way, and was quite content to leave other people to enjoy themselves in theirs.

The same character might perhaps have been gathered, by an attentive reader, even from Fox's garbled accounts of his conversations with prisoners. Even this author implies that Bonner kept



prisoners for many months in his house, in the hope of getting them to abjure their heretical opinions; and it is difficult to find any other motive for the rough jocoseness with which he addresses them, than the desire to save their lives if possible.

As regards facts, we may state that, of the 277 cases of burning for heresy in this reign, he was not either directly or indirectly concerned with so much as one half; and that, in all cases where he was present as one of the judges, he was simply acting as he was obliged to do by the law, which for centuries had decreed that burning was the punishment for heresy. No one now probably would defend the law, but it is not fair to accuse a judge of cruelty because the law he has to administer is a bad one. It is, however, more to our point to notice that even Burnet printed in his Collection of Records one letter from Philip and Mary to Bonner, from which it is plain that he was looked upon as very remiss in the performance of this part of his duty, and is reprimanded by them for not proceeding more vigorously against heretics. To this the recent editor of Burnet has added that the Council Books of the period contain several similar allusions, which show that the Bishop of London was very reluctant to inflict the last penalty of the law upon his prisoners.

And now, if asked to account for the fact of Bonner's having earned so bad a name, we think we have almost done so in what has been already alleged. The epithets "bloody" and "butcherly" which Bale ascribed to all the papistical bite-shapes fitted exactly to Bonner in particular, because the two common nouns happen to have the same initial letter with the proper name. And the official connection which Bonner, as Dean of the province of Canterbury, had with about one hundred cases of punishment of heretics—described, as most of them have been, by an utterly untrustworthy Protestant bigot—was enough in itself to clench the nail which the Bishop of Ossory had driven in.

Let it not be supposed that we are setting up Bonner as a paragon of virtue. We are only defending him from a charge which has been unscrupulously brought against him, and for which we can find no vestige of reliable evidence. He was not a man of refinement or delicacy, and perhaps could scarcely distinguish between the tenderness of conscience which prompted some, and the obstinate self-will which drove others, to suffer the loss of everything, and even life itself, rather than abjure the opinions they had once given utterance to. It will, perhaps, be thought scarcely to his credit that he threw himself so heartily into the cause of the King's divorce from his first wife; but his subsequent change of mind in the reign of Mary, when the Papal supremacy was restored, is no sort of proof that he was insincere in wishing to retain the old doctrines in conjunction with the royal supremacy under Henry VIII. It is likely enough that the excesses of which the Protestant party were guilty after the accession of Edward may have convinced him and Gardiner and others of the folly of Henry's attempt. It is plain that under Edward he was at first willing to make certain concessions, but there was a point beyond which he would not go, and, accordingly, rather than violate his conscience, he endured his first deprivation and imprisonment of four years' duration. And here his conduct contrasts very favourably with the dastardly cowardice of Crammer, who all through Henry's reign conformed against his conscience to all that the King determined should be the doctrine of the Church of England, and at the accession of Edward veered round, through the doctrines of Edward's first Prayer-book of 1549, till he settled in the more congenial atmosphere of the second Prayer-book, and the 42 Articles of 1552. Bonner, on the contrary, suffered first the loss of his bishopric during Edward's reign; and, after having been restored for the five years of Mary's reign, again refused to acknowledge Elizabeth by taking the oath of supremacy, and died after another imprisonment of eleven years. All this is a sufficient refutation, in the judgment of any reasonable person, of the charge of being a disbeliever and an atheist, which has been repeated by so candid and, generally speaking, unprejudiced a writer as Dr. Kippis, in the *Biographia Britannica*. We fear this respectable writer's argument will be thought to prove too much. He says, "Indeed his monstrous behaviour renders such an opinion but too probable; for who that believes in God would burn people for speculative opinions?"

Bonner's selection for preferment is creditable to the sagacity of the King, or of Cromwell, who had succeeded to a portion of the influence that Wolsey had exerted. He was made King's chaplain in 1531, but does not appear to have attracted much attention, though he was employed as Excusator at Rome in the following year, in conjunction with Carne. His despatches show so much zeal in the King's cause, combined with such vigour and diplomatic address, that it is strange he should have waited so long for preferment. He succeeded Fox in the bishopric of Hereford in 1538, and was translated to London before his consecration. We may observe that his register is a pattern of what such a record should be. There is perhaps no register, either at Lambeth or at St. Paul's, which is better kept; and here, again, he contrasts most favourably with his metropolitan Crammer, whose register was kept with the most shameful negligence, both as regards documents which are inserted, and the omission of others which ought to have been there.

His zeal in the King's cause may very probably have been quickened by the desire of preferment, to which alone Burnet attributes it; but, if so, a change of character must have come over him at the time of which Antony Wood speaks, when he tells us that he lived cheerfully and contentedly in the Marshalsea till the time of his death, and that even those that did not care for him admitted

that, though cruel and peremptory in prosperity, he was both patient and pleasant in adversity. Many of his smart repartees have been preserved, which bear out the same character of a man who was full of fun and spirits, and little particular as to the language he used in conversation. His carefulness of expression on more important subjects may be judged of by the *Homily on Charity*, of which there is good reason to think he was the author. In fine, if we may be excused for following in the wake of the scurrilous Bishop of Ossory, adopting the alliteration without the scurrility, we should be inclined to think that "bluff and business-like Bonner" would tolerably well describe the Bishop of London who was appointed by Henry, deprived by Edward, restored by Mary, and finally deposed by Elizabeth.

#### NAVAL CONSTRUCTION.

IN discussing military and naval matters, it is necessary to distinguish between theoretical opinions and practical conclusions. It may be said, with much apparent truth, that if armour will not keep shot out of ships, it is an encumbrance rather than a defence. Again, it may be said that a turret-ship, however formidable in battle, will never make a serviceable cruiser. But if those who say these things were charged with the administration of our navy, they would probably have built or converted ships during the last six years, in imitation of the example set by France when she launched *La Gloire*; and perhaps they would also now do their utmost to produce sea-going turret-ships, in deference to the warning given by America when she sent the *Miantonomah* to Europe. It is a necessity of our position that we should follow where other competitors for naval power lead the way. We have done pretty well under the old methods, and need not therefore be desirous of change, although we must be prompt to adopt it whenever it looks at all like improvement. Our naval history contains one memorable example of disasters ensuing upon neglect to observe and keep pace with the progress of other nations in naval architecture. If we forget that warning, and again place our sailors under such disadvantages as neither seamanship nor courage can redress, we shall deserve the disgrace and ruin which must overwhelm us.

It has been truly said that our Admiralty has neither head nor heart, and therefore it can neither equip a fleet nor man it. As there seems to be no hope of improving our naval administration, the only course open to us is to watch it. The public has become so used to see this Board resisting improvement and devoting its whole energies to the invention of excuses for delay, that it hesitates to believe that any good result can have been produced, or any bad result avoided, by the Admiralty, except by accident. It would have been a piece of marvellous good luck if the Board had been able to believe and justify the assertion, which we have all lately heard, that the means of reinforcing the British fleet existed ready to its hand in the wooden ships which have been reported useless. The *Times* created some astonishment by proclaiming this discovery, which it supposed itself to have made, of the utility of wood; but it did good service by drawing forth a letter from Captain Sherard Osborn, in which the construction of men-of-war was considered from the point of view of an experienced seaman. A naval officer, as well as a civilian, may have theories; but when the question is asked in what sort of a ship would that officer prefer to risk life and reputation, the answer is likely to be practical.

The objection to wooden ships of war is not so much that they are penetrable by shot, as that they are readily combustible. Captain Osborn would probably say that an iron-plated ship is desirable, and an iron ship necessary, for fighting purposes. Indeed, it would appear that, in proportion as we doubt the efficacy of iron armour, we shall become persuaded of the efficacy of iron ribs and skin. In reference to the recent loss by fire of a man-of-war, Captain Osborn says that, had she been an iron ship, with proper iron compartments, if fire had broken out it could have been combated; but, being of wood, her crew were driven from her in forty-five minutes. The loss of this ship was an accident of peace, but it suggests a warning which is applicable to war. By the use of iron a ship may be made incombustible, and partially impenetrable; and it would be absurd to refuse to avail ourselves of these advantages because they are not as great as we had taught ourselves to expect. Even in old days, naval actions were often virtually decided in a few minutes, although the contest may have been protracted longer. We may be sure that, under modern conditions of warfare, success will generally belong to the side which strikes the first effective blow; and if one ship carries armour, although it be not absolutely shot-proof, and another ship carries none, it can hardly be doubtful which ship is best equipped for striking. We assume, of course, that the two ships are nearly equal in point of armament. Captain Osborn supposes an encounter between the *Achilles* and the *Liverpool*—the former being an iron-clad of recent design, and the latter one of the finest wooden frigates ever launched. Can it be doubted what the result would be? And if it cannot, what is the use of pretending that we have, in the *Liverpool* and her sister ships, an effective force? But Captain Osborn proceeds to intimate his opinion that, if the *Royal Sovereign* turret-ship took the place of the *Achilles*, the defeat of the *Liverpool* would be even more assured; and here he seems rather to take for granted matters which are still open to discussion. It has been said many times that the utility of a turret-ship for cruising purposes can only

be satisfactorily tested by building such a ship and sending it to sea. Experience is the only guide in many difficulties, and after the *Miantonomoh* has appeared in the British Channel, it can no longer be asserted—as it was asserted with considerable confidence—that turret-ships are unfit for ocean service. There is, however, a limit to the applicability of this principle, which is suggested by Captain Osborn's letter. "Such a ship," says he, "training her guns with accuracy and ease all round the horizon, would keep herself nearly end-on to the wooden *Liverpool*, offer hardly any target, and quietly plump into her whatever projectiles she chose to use." A turret-ship, which can train her guns "all round the horizon," is necessarily unprovided with masts; for whether a mast has one leg, as usual, or three, as proposed by Captain Coles, a gun which sweeps the horizon would shoot it away. One of the turret-ships built for the Confederate Government, and purchased for our navy, has been recently compared to "a half-tide rock." This comparison is eloquently suggestive of discomfort on a cruise; but, on the other hand, a vessel which "offers hardly any target" must be comfortable, so far as comfort is possible, in action. One can easily imagine circumstances under which a turret-ship, efficiently built for fighting, would render her crew supremely miserable; but suppose it was a fine summer day, and such a ship got among our existing Channel fleet, perhaps her opponents would not feel particularly happy.

It is desirable, however, to distinguish between the efficiency which such a ship derives from her peculiar form, and that which is due to her carrying a heavier gun than is likely to be opposed to her. If the 12-ton gun can pierce the side of any iron-clad ship actual or probable, that gun is large enough for ordinary sea-service, and it seems to be ascertained that that gun can be carried in broadside. Some officers have expressed their belief that even the 22-ton gun can be thus carried; but it appears much more advantageous to carry it on the centre-line of the ship, and, if so carried, it would of course be mounted on a revolving carriage, which must necessarily resemble Captain Coles' turn-table. The opponents of the turret system say that the turret will weigh more than a dozen guns, and that, by substituting for it half that number of guns, you may get broadside and also bow and stern fire, and thus sweep the horizon as effectually as with a revolving turret, while your battery, being more numerous, is not liable to be suddenly disabled. The opinions of naval officers upon points which concern them far more nearly than anybody else are entitled to particular attention. We should receive Captain Sherard Osborn's letter in the *Times* as conclusive—if the question could be considered open—between wood and iron; and we find in Captain Cooper Key's evidence before the Committee on Turret-ships a remark which landsmen can hardly venture to treat as disputable:—"The great advantage of the impenetrability of the turret itself is for the protection of the men, which I do not consider a vital point in armour-plating a ship." Certainly, if Captain Key and his crew were satisfied to go into action in a ship built upon what is called the "box" principle, no other person would be entitled to complain. But perhaps we may be allowed, for the sake of economizing valuable lives, to remark that, if a broadside gun has any training, it must have some width of port open to the enemy's shot; and if it has not training, it must be necessarily inferior to a turret-gun. Captain Key said further, that by disposing of the same weight of armour on the box instead of the turret principle, "The men would not be so well protected, but the gun-carriages better." It may deserve consideration whether the naval officer's view of this question, which is certainly disinterested, is not also sound. That view is, in substance, that you should take care of your guns, but not be too particular about your men. In naval actions sixty years ago ships fired grape into one another at forty feet interval. The risk of individual life, while an action lasted, would probably not be greater now than it was then; but there is danger now, which did not exist then, of the action terminating suddenly by the disappearance under water of one of the combatants. It was to give protection against this danger that armour was introduced, and it would be most unwise to abandon this protection because we find it less absolutely complete than had been supposed.

The principle of the turret is not only captivating at first sight, but upon further acquaintance it does not appear liable to any valid objection. And even if its value in war were more doubtful than it is, this country would have no choice but to follow the example of America, and adopt it. Whatever may be the theoretical views of the constructors of our navy, their practical duty in this respect is clear. There is, however, a more important point than even the launching of a turret-ship, and that is, the construction in considerable numbers of the 12-ton guns which such a ship would mount. Any ship which can carry these guns to sea will be a valuable cruiser, but we should certainly expect that they would be carried best on a central turn-table. The existence of such a stock of guns might possibly confer a temporary and unforeseen importance upon our fleet of wooden ships; but it would be folly to regard the use of these ships as any other than an unsatisfactory makeshift. The true theory of modern maritime war is to consider a ship as a floating gun-carriage, and not as a floating residence for an admiral or post-captain. It is needless to say under which of these two descriptions our wooden fleet would range itself. Although wood may be a suitable material for small vessels and distant service, Captain Osborn is unquestionably right in demanding iron-clad ships for the line of battle.

#### EX FUMO DARE LUCEM.

SURELY we are a wise and understanding people. The typical foreigner who, according to theory, is always studying our manners and customs, must by this time be assured of our collective wisdom. That column after column of the *Times* is daily filled with the groans of the Britons on the great smoking-on-railways question seems only to show the intensity of folly which an exceptionally silly season can generate, and the ludicrous gravity with which everybody treats his solemn platitudes when he, in the last fit of despair, makes up his mind to write to the papers. This is one aspect of the matter; another has perhaps a more serious value. That the Railway Companies should for years have had this infinitely little difficulty on their hands, and should never yet have solved it—a difficulty which to understand requires twenty seconds, and to remedy forty seconds—argues such a total prostration of mind, such emptiness of resource, such inability to understand what is meant by the public good, that, viewing the Companies under the light of this little fact, we can quite understand why our railway management in more important matters is what it is. No wonder that we cannot get the great question of communication between the guard and passengers settled, no wonder that the intercalating of excursion trains into the ordinary passenger traffic remains the grievance which it has always been, if a Board of Directors cannot settle the smoking difficulty. Why the wrangle has not been put an end to we have never yet been informed. If there are difficulties in assigning special carriages to smokers, let us know what they are. Would the Directors and Managers vouchsafe one single word on the subject? In Parliament, we know that the Treasury Bench can at least say, when the very easiest and most palpable improvement is suggested, that the subject is beset with innumerable difficulties, but that the best attention of the Government will be devoted to it during the recess. The Companies do not even condescend to this legitimate excuse for idleness. Their silence is something majestic and impressive. Looking about for some possible reason, or rather some abject excuse, for their inability to put an end to this stupendous wrangle, we suppose that it is the point of honour. Once having committed themselves in their by-laws to the edict, "Smoking strictly prohibited in the carriages and stations," it would be as much a surrender of dignity to withdraw this silly and totally inoperative prohibition as it was once considered treason to talk of erasing the *fleur-de-lis* from the arms of England. If it is not this, it is because the railway Directors, knowing that they scandalously underpay their officials, wish to have the hush-money which guards and porters exact as a means of supplementing insufficient wages? Or is it that they keep the grievance open from the natural but somewhat childish delight of having an old rusty weapon to turn upon some customer who on other accounts makes himself objectionable? Absurd reasons all of them, but, till we are provided with a more rational one, it is only in the most unreasonable varieties of folly that we can look for the justification of the Companies.

If the subject were worth arguing seriously, we might remind the Boards that the same thing happens to them which happens to the State so long as it cumbers its statute-books with prohibitions which everybody sets at defiance, and with artificial offences which nobody regards. A man may still be fined for profane swearing, and the Act of Uniformity imposes penalties for not going to church. Now and then, amidst a universal howl of derision, some such obsolete law is put in force. So with railway smoking. A victim is selected, and forthwith a joint-stock association is formed to resist the law. Not having the fear of Dean Close before their eyes, people will throw themselves into the jaws of the gorging fiend of tobacco, and no counterblast can or will prevent them. The day has gone by when smoking was considered a sort of vice, and when it was, like opium and "nipping," indulged in on the sly. The question would be an interesting one how the use of tobacco ever came to be considered a little sin at all. Antiquaries can tell us that the records of colleges and assemblies of ecclesiastical men a century ago prescribed the time at which, after dinner, smoking should begin. The feeling that to smoke was somehow out of keeping with the habits of a gentleman, or with the seriousness of an ecclesiastic, is a thing of very recent growth. It is possible that a good deal of this estimate of tobacco as a social evil survived when railways were started. And it is certain that the habit of smoking has increased much of late years. Railways themselves have fostered the love of the weed; and the letters in the newspapers show that the railway smokers are to be found chiefly among the season-ticket holders and habitual travellers. The reason of this is plain. Smokers know that the after-breakfast cigar is the very cream and flower of the cherished vice; and after the worries of the London day the sedative and soothing influence of the five o'clock regalia must, as they say, be experienced to be described. Further than this, there is a natural affinity between smoking and a daily use of the rail. Experts tell us that there are very serious dangers connected with constant railway travelling. It may sound alarming, but the fact is that every vibration of the train produces an infinitesimally small, but actual, concussion of the brain; the spinal column is unnaturally shaken by the monotonous and unvarying thud of the engine. This is why in many cases it has been found absolutely destructive to mind and body to travel regularly forty or fifty miles every day by train. It may be reasonably suggested that a slight narcotic, such as tobacco, acts favourably on the cere-



bral excitement which is inseparable from railway travelling. If this be so, it accounts for the special favour with which smoking is recognised by the men of the rail. Besides which, railways are very dull work. It is not everybody who can read in a train, and few things are more injurious than books on a railway. Talking bores many of us; studying the country is impossible, and, were it possible, is not very lively when you know perhaps every thistle on the line. Therefore, to prohibit smoking is a monstrous piece of cruelty. It is a serious wrong and an unjustifiable interference with human liberty, personal comfort, and possibly with personal health.

All this the smoker can say and ought to say. A man is bound to put down attempts to create artificial offences, and to resist with all his might undue restrictions on his tastes and habits. On the other hand, it is of course most unfair and ungenerous to make smoking a nuisance to other people. Nobody wants to do this; no gentleman, no man of any decency, will persist in smoking to the annoyance of other people. But, again, it ought not to be left to everybody's own sense of what is becoming, to the timidity of one or to the impudence of another, either to deprive himself of what he has just as much a right to as to pepper or mustard, or to become an annoyance to his neighbour. The miseries which a refined and sensitive smoker endures before he can summon courage to ask the fatal question, "Do you object to smoking?" are not to be told. There is a story that two persons were the only occupants of a first-class carriage on the Great Western night mail. They travelled, after the manner of the British, from London to Exeter without exchanging a single syllable. Here human nature broke down, and the least modest of the pair ventured to inquire, "Have you any objection," &c. &c. "The very question, Sir, I have been trying to ask you since we left Reading." These two modest gentlemen, it is needless to add, smoked; but no other word uttered they till they reached Penzance. This story is perfectly true; and though it may seem trifling to build much on it or to talk tall talk on such a matter, we ask at once—Why should such a case be possible? or why, again, should conscientious people, who perhaps may be set down as punctilious or over-scrupulous, be tempted to break a law and to commit an offence punishable by fine, or to deprive themselves of what is to them a necessary, or something very like a necessary, of life? In the interests of morality this difficulty ought to be put an end to. Of course we are not going to point out the remedy. It would be an insult to common sense to think it necessary to say that the institution of a smoking carriage would put an end to a state of things which is not so much ludicrous as disgraceful. Everybody knows this, and not the shadow of a reason exists, at least none is forthcoming, why it is not done. Either way—both for smokers whose liberty is infringed, and for non-smokers whose comfort is, as things are, destroyed—the Companies must look to this matter; if not in the public interest, which perhaps is but a small concern, at least in their own. One would think that these constant squabbles and wrangles about smoking can do no good even to the Boards. It is just possible, in this matter, as in others, that they might find it to their interest to attend to the public voice; and this, after all, is the only motive which can be reckoned upon as always effective in that quarter.

## REVIEWS.

### GUIZOT ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.\*

M. GUIZOT has undertaken to throw his observations and ideas on Christianity into the shape of a vast and comprehensive plan. In the first portion of it, which was published two years ago, he attempted to ascertain and define the essence of the Christian religion, examining the great questions to which it had to give an answer, and disengaging from the mass of theological traditions and systems the fundamental doctrines by which it answered these questions, and the supernatural facts on which these doctrines rested. From the essence of Christianity he proposed to pass to its history, and this was to be the subject of a second series of "Meditations," in which he intended to consider the authenticity of the sacred books, the causes of the triumph of Christianity, the characteristic features of the Christian Church and Christian faith as they have subsisted from their beginnings, the great religious crisis of the sixteenth century, and the various anti-Christian movements which have at different times threatened Christianity. A third course of Meditations was to embrace a closer survey of the aspects and tendencies of the present century as regards Christianity; the growth and changes of religious and philosophical thought during the writer's lifetime, the collisions between the two, and the actual appearance of the struggle—the leading ideas and aims of each side, the strength and the weakness of each. Finally, in a fourth volume, he meant to carry his thoughts on to the future, and endeavour to determine what may be expected, in time to come, to be the form which Christianity is to assume and the place which it is to occupy, and by what means it is to accomplish its moral conquest over mankind. Thus, in four consecutive volumes, M. Guizot was to present a connected and exhaustive survey of his subject as a whole, in its idea and elementary principles, and in the pheno-

mena of its development in fact; of its intrinsic and substantial nature, of its past history, present state, and prospects for the future. The circumstances of the day, however, and the increasing seriousness and gravity of the contest which he sees going on between Christianity and its opponents and rivals, have led him, without giving up his plan, to alter the order of his arrangement. The interest of what is actually going on among us is more pressing than that of the past and the future; and, leaving for the time what was to have been his next step, the general history of Christianity, he gives us his reflections on its present condition, on the state of feeling and thought which it has to encounter, and on the social changes and rapid and powerful movements which it must keep abreast of and take into account.

The book falls into two main divisions—an historical sketch of what he calls the "réveil Chrétien," the religious awakening which has gone on in the author's time in France; and a concise review of the leading philosophical systems which have been developed side by side with it during the same time, in more or less strong and declared antagonism to Christianity. The obvious criticism which will be suggested by this account of the book, to a person who reads it, is that it does not fulfil the promise conveyed in M. Guizot's description of the work which he had planned. His language seemed to indicate a great scheme which was to take in Christianity as a whole, and the portion of it which he now gives us was to be devoted to Christianity as it is at present. To confine his view to Christianity and its fortunes in France may be a very serviceable proceeding, and may result in a very interesting and instructive book; but it is a good deal short of filling up the outline which he set before us when he announced that the present series of Meditations "would be given to the study of the existing state of the Christian religion, its state within and without." France is not Christendom. It may be a very typical and representative country; but a writer who pretends to discuss Christianity as a whole, if he undertakes so great and difficult a task, must enlarge his field of view beyond the limits of a single nation. In many respects, as well from the habits of his mind, his studies and acquirements, as from the remarkable position which he occupies among the men of his time, M. Guizot has advantages for such a comprehensive review which it would be difficult to find combined in any other writer of equal eminence. But at the same time we can only say that, if M. Guizot meant to take such a review, he has not done it. The facts and the phenomena on which he comments, however pregnant with significance and full of very suggestive analogies, are not the whole of what an adequate view must take into account, and they are further marked off from the rest of their class by most distinct and special peculiarities. The religious history of France is well worth knowing about, and we are thankful to any one who tells us anything exact and well-considered about it. But the religious history of France is not the religious history of Germany, of England, of Italy, of Russia, of the United States; nor can one be taken as the measure and type of the others. In the body of the work M. Guizot shows that he knows perfectly well what he is about. He professedly speaks of France, and of France only. But the habit of throwing his thoughts into the shape of imposing abstractions and large theories, and of speaking to a public which expects to have its attention commanded by them, seems to have unconsciously moulded the language in which he announced what was in his mind and what he wished to do. Accustomed to look at things in their most comprehensive forms, and accustomed to see in France the type of civilized and Christian society, he insensibly extended his reflections on Christianity in France to Christianity in general. His readers out of France can hardly help feeling, when they pass from his preface to his work, that his ambitious generalizations hang somewhat loosely on facts for which they are too large.

As an historical sketch, M. Guizot's retrospect of the growth of religious convictions and activity in France is incomplete, and in some points meagre; but the principal changes and turning-points are marked with clear and bold strokes, and from time to time the survey expands from its concise succinctness into a greater fulness of illustrative detail, and is enlivened with first-hand and vigorous remarks on the characters and steps by which events were influenced. His judgments are from a high point of view, and they usually combine in a remarkable degree strongly defined personal convictions with great power of taking in the whole case in its most opposing aspects, and of giving weight to reasons which he does not himself admit. He is always serious and considerate, and usually fair. Two things strike us in this sketch. One is the hearty and unsuspicious way in which, Protestant as he is, he throws himself into the full interest of the Roman Catholic movement in France, and regards it, with all its enormous mistakes and exaggerations, as the main stream of revived and energetic Christianity there. The other is the prominence and importance which he has assigned, almost for the first time among writers of his rank in French literature, to the Protestant element in France, obscure as it long was, and always likely as it is to be in a great disproportion to its older and more popular rival. Nothing shows more the difference of prepossessions on the two sides of the Channel than that a Protestant like M. Guizot, maintaining his own position, yet finds no difficulty in regarding the Roman Catholic Church, in spite of all his objections to it, as the representative, on the whole, to the nation of that Christianity in the fortunes of which he takes so deep an interest. He feels it to be neither dangerously

\* *Méditations sur l'État Actuel de la Religion Chrétienne.* Par M. Guizot. 1866.

liberal in him nor a suspicious mark of unsound leanings, when, without any trouble to guard himself by protests or exceptions, he broadly discusses the restoration, the varying successes and the development in France of what we call Popery, as the restoration and advance of the religion of the Gospel. To him, however Popish it may be, it is still more essentially and fundamentally Christian than it is Popish; and his sympathy goes along with it through its recent history, allowing him to criticize with perfect freedom particular measures or tendencies, from the very agreement which he feels at bottom with the general aims and general convictions of those with whom he finds fault. He passes in review the train of writers who have influenced the religious movement in France and the French Church—Chateaubriand, De Bonald, De Maistre, Lamennais, Lacordaire, Montanlombert, Dupanloup; and he judges them with reference to what they have done to help or to injure their own side. The absolutist paradoxes of De Maistre, the extravagant philosophy and self-contradictory impatience of Lamennais, the rabid violence of M. Veuillot, are condemned, not for being too unreservedly Catholic, but for the shortsighted mistakes by which they compromised and discredited Christianity. Without effort and without affectation, he is able, as his habitual manner of regarding things, to look above the differences which, to so many, make Catholicism and Protestantism two different and irreconcilable religions; and while recognising their deep oppositions, and taking his own side in them, he can speak of the two great rival interests as bound together in a unity more essential than their disagreements, substantially parts of the same body, interested at bottom in the same cause, and with much the same fortunes before them. A view like this of the fundamental identity of the whole Christian body and of the several portions of what may be called active and energetic Christianity, like all broad views, needs corrections and qualifications when it has to be applied to the practical work of life. But it is the only one which satisfies the whole of the facts, and which to any person who removes his point of view far enough to take in the whole field can appear the natural and reasonable one. The distinctions of Christendom dwindle strangely by the side of those things which even the most liberal of Christians accept and profess.

M. Guizot, indeed, has been at times so fair, and more than fair, to the Roman Church, its claims and its policy, that he has been set down, both by Roman Catholics and Liberals, as a possible convert. The apologist for the temporal power of the Pope has been supposed to be on the point of seeking in the acknowledgment of the Pope's religious authority a refuge from the difficulties and disunion of reason and freedom. The suggestion was not a probable one, and seems to have rested mainly on the supposed incompatibility with strong convictions of a readiness to make admissions which to other people are apparently inconsistent with them. As far as appears, M. Guizot was never more a Protestant than he is now. As a Christian, he feels a deep and keen interest in the Church which represents Christianity to the mass of his countrymen, and which is in fact the only form in which they know it or will accept it. But it is a long time since Protestantism in France had a representative of equal authority, and of equal zeal and boldness, in maintaining its titles to respect and interest. He opens his sketch of the "awakening" in French Protestantism, parallel to and contemporary with that in the Roman Church, by a grave rebuke to the childish ignorance and self-deception which makes so many Roman Catholics please themselves by repeating that Christianity cannot maintain itself without the Roman Catholic system, and of which we have recently had a specimen in Archbishop Manning's announcement that "Protestantism is dead"—

*Je passe, sans chercher aucune transition, du réveil chrétien dans l'Eglise catholique au réveil chrétien dans l'Eglise protestante. Je n'ai nul besoin de transition, car je ne sors pas de l'Eglise chrétienne. En fait de christianisme, les nations protestantes ont fait leurs preuves; elles ont eu, comme les nations catholiques, des luttes violentes à soutenir, des mauvaises tendances à contenir, des épreuves périlleuses à traverser; mais l'action simultanée de la foi et de la science, de l'autorité et de la liberté, ce propre et sublime caractère du christianisme s'est glorieusement développé dans leur sein. L'Angleterre, la Hollande, l'Allemagne protestante, la Suède, le Danemark, la Suisse, les Etats-Unis d'Amérique ont eu leurs vices, leurs erreurs, leurs souffrances, leurs revers; mais à tout prendre, ces états ont efficacement travaillé, depuis quatre siècles, à la solution chrétienne du grand problème des sociétés humaines, le progrès moral et matériel pour tous et la garantie politique des droits et des libertés de tous. . . . Quant à la foi chrétienne elle-même, si elle est attaquée dans les pays protestants comme ailleurs, elle y est aussi puissamment défendue, maintenue et pratiquée; les églises chrétiennes y sont pleines de fidèles, et la cause chrétienne y trouve chaque jour de vaillants champions qui mettent à son service les armes de la science et de la liberté. Il y a, de la part des catholiques, un pueril aveuglement à méconnaître ces faits, et ils s'entretiennent dans une erreur funeste pour eux-mêmes quand ils imputent la fermentation sociale et la désertion religieuse à des nations protestantes, chez qui ces deux fléaux sont combattus au moins aussi fermement et aussi efficacement qu'ailleurs. Je ne veux ni instituer des comparaisons blessantes, ni fomenteur des rivalités peu chrétiennes; le protestantisme n'est pas, dans le monde chrétien, le dernier et unique boulevard de la foi chrétienne; mais elle n'en a de plus fort, ni qui offre aux assaillants moins de prise ni qui soit mieux pourvu de fidèles et habiles défenseurs.*

To the general reader the newest part of the book is the account of the intellectual growth of French Protestantism since the Revolution, and of the men who have most influenced its course. Its persecutors had failed to kill it; but, though tenacious of life, it had dwindled down into an obscure and traditional piety, keeping itself out of sight and stirred by no intellectual excitement, not daring to attract attention by allowing itself to engage in theological controversy. The Revolution and the Empire set it at liberty. Its

teachers and schools were no longer tongue-tied, and, though creating little interest in the nation at large, questions and disputes among its representatives showed reviving activity of mind. The first two names of men who are cited by M. Guizot as having given an impulse to thought within it and drawn notice on themselves from without—M. Samuel Vincent and M. Daniel Encontre—will be new to most readers, though the latter was a man of considerable eminence in his day as a mathematician and natural philosopher, and had Auguste Comte among his pupils. The next two names are more generally known—Vinet and Adolphe Monod; and M. Guizot frequently refers to a living writer of equal distinction, M. de Pressensé. The place which these names occupy in modern France, compared with the obscurity of their predecessors, gives the measure of the steps which Protestantism has made since it was set free. It has its preachers, its writers, its disputants, whose thought and eloquence enable them to command the public interest, and whose force of character and religious fervour have re-awakened the faith, and raised the tone and moral standard, of their own body.

The first part of M. Guizot's book is historical; the second part is philosophical. After having sketched the revival of Christian belief and zeal, both in the Roman Catholic and the Protestant bodies, he proceeds to examine the contemporaneous philosophical systems hostile to Christianity or superseding it. As we remarked before, M. Guizot's view is confined to France, and an account of the course and conflicts of thought in France on religious questions is by no means adequately commensurate with the subject. In this part of his work he takes the offensive. He passes in review the various tendencies of thought antagonistic to Christianity, for which French writers have high-sounding but rather vague names—spiritualism, rationalism, positivism, materialism, pantheism, and so forth—and points out what seems to him the capital and fatal fault in each as a matter of reason and science; the gap and failure which immediately condemns the pretensions of each to give the true and adequate answer to the problems that meet and perplex mankind. Here he is critical and destructive. The remaining part of his task is yet to come, in which he proposes to place Christianity face to face with its rivals, and to show that if it succeeds when they fail—and its unabated vitality after so long a course and such formidable assaults proves that it best meets the needs of man—it is because, "being from a higher source than man, it alone knows what man is—man as a whole, and satisfies him while it controls him." This, the most interesting and trying portion of M. Guizot's work, is only promised. The criticism which clears the ground for it in the meantime is hardly close and searching enough to be very effective. A great and deeply thought-out system like that of Comte or Spinoza is not to be disposed of in a "meditation" of a few pages; and the general bearings of the questions raised in the investigation are so obvious, and have been so frequently debated, that they are well-beaten ground on which there is little new to be said. But even a cursory and distant review of these matters may be instructive when made by a man who knows what he is talking about, and has clearness and power of mind to disentangle what is essential and important. M. Guizot's criticism is broad and comprehensive, as well as ingenious and acute, and goes straight to the weak points of the theories which he attacks. The ground on which he bases his objections to them all come in the end to the one charge in various shapes—that they ignore phenomena; they fail to deal with nature, still less with man, as complex but real wholes. There is much of keen and just remark in his criticism; but it is obvious that such essays as his state things rather than settle them, and merely open questions which admit of much conflicting argument before the writer's judgment is likely to pass as established. But the merit of M. Guizot's chapters is in his method of discussion, and in the tone which reigns through his volume. He is an ardent defender of Christianity. And he is seriously anxious for its position in society, and for its future amid the opening prospects of the modern world. Such deep interest and such real fears are too much for some minds. They lose their calmness, their self-control, their sense of justice, and damage their power of thought and insight. They give way to panic; they bluster, and forget themselves, and think it almost a duty to make their hard words adequate to the shock which they have received. M. Guizot shows us a more excellent way. He does not disguise from himself the magnitude and the eventfulness of the struggle, of which we see probably but the opening, for the moral and spiritual domination of the world:—

*Qu'on ne se fasse point d'illusion sur le caractère ni sur la force ni sur le danger du travail antichrétien: ce n'est pas un simple accès de fièvre des esprits, une simple crise révolutionnaire dans l'ordre religieux; il y a là des convictions sérieuses et la perspective d'une longue guerre. . . . J'ai la ferme confiance que, dans cette guerre, le christianisme vaincra; mais il ne désarmera pas ses ennemis; il ne remportera pas sur eux une victoire complète et définitive, pas plus qu'il ne fera avec eux une paix sérieuse et durable.*

But with these strong apprehensions as to that which in his view touches all the hopes of man, and disquieted as he shows himself to be, not only by the formidableness of the danger, but by various indications of want of skill and wisdom in meeting it, there are two things observable in his way of treating the matter. And it is to be remembered that his comments are not those of indifferent impartiality, but of the most intense and serious interest. One thing is, that he rigidly abstains from all loose expressions of antipathy and controversial condemnation. If he blames, he blames with a reason; and he warmly and readily does justice to those whom he regards as deadly opponents:—



L'impétuosité d'un ancien joug, l'esprit de réaction, le goût de l'innovation, beaucoup d'instincts frivoles et de mauvaises passions ont, à coup sûr, leur part, et une large part, dans les attaques dont le christianisme est aujourd'hui l'objet; mais un sentiment plus sérieux que ceux-là, un sentiment qui a fait des héros et des martyrs, l'amour de la vérité, pour elle-même et pour elle seule, quels que soient ses périls et ses résultats, c'est là le fait qui donne à ces attaques leur plus redoutable caractère.

The other thing is, that when he puts the cause of Christianity on its intellectual basis, and appeals to grounds of reason common to all sides, he attacks his opponents, not for their unbelief, but for their false philosophy. Of course a Christian may have theological reasons for objecting to Comte's doctrines; but if he has none but theological reasons to urge, it is no use arguing. It cannot be too often repeated that in intellectual conflicts there is but one way to victory. Such conflicts are not the business or duty of all; but it is folly to enter into them and not abide by their conditions. There is no way but one—"answering the critic by severer criticism, the metaphysician by closer reasoning, the historian by deeper learning, the politician by sounder politics, and indifference itself by a purer impartiality." M. Guizot has felt the truth of this, and he has shown an example of putting faith in it. In the conflict which Christianity will have to wage with its opponents, he says:—

L'armée chrétienne sera obligée aussi, en combattant, de satisfaire aux exigences de la vérité et aux conditions de la liberté. De ces exigences et de ces conditions le christianisme n'a rien à redouter, pourvu qu'il les accepte hardiment et qu'à son tour il les impose sévèrement à ses adversaires. Que la science humaine, ses travaux et ses systèmes soient soumis aux mêmes épreuves et traités avec la même liberté que les fondements et les doctrines de la foi chrétienne, c'est là tout ce que les chrétiens ont droit et besoin de réclamer.

#### A YANKEE TOURIST.\*

IN the summer of 1865 a distinguished party of travellers crossed the American continent to California, visited various interesting points in the Pacific States, did an enormous quantity of public speaking, and returned by way of Panama to their homes in the East. The most prominent member of the party was the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives. This gentleman, as our readers will be interested in learning, is "short, say five feet six, weighs one hundred and forty, is young, say forty-two, has brownish hair and light blue eyes, is a childless widower, drinks no intoxicating liquors, smokes à la General Grant, is tough as a knot, was bred as a printer and editor, but gave up the business for public life, and is the idol of South Bend and all adjacencies." Next to him came Governor Bross of Illinois, who is, it appears, "a true unspoiled child of nature," senior proprietor and editor of the leading journal of the North-West, and second officer in the State Government of Illinois. Then there was Mr. Richardson, a gentleman who has led a Bohemian life in all the Western cities, and been twenty months in a Southern prison; but who has, notwithstanding, preserved the "air of a man who has had a very narrow escape from the pulpit, and cherishes a natural hankering for it yet." He wears, we are told, "black broadcloth and 'biled shirts' (the Western phrase for white underclothes), does not chew tobacco, disdains whisky, but drinks French brandy and Cincinnati Catawba, carries a good deal of baggage, does not know how to play poker, and shines brilliantly among the ladies." We regret that an amiable modesty has prevented the fourth member of the party, Mr. Samuel Bowles, Editor of the *Springfield (Mass.) Republican*, from Illinois, from favouring us with details as to his own personal peculiarities. We are left in darkness as to his height, weight, and complexion, and know not whether his shirts are "biled" or otherwise. But from the letters which he contributed to the *Springfield (Mass.) Republican*, and which are here collected, we can form a very fair notion of his inward man. He appears to be as thoroughbred a specimen of the true Yankee editor as we have ever met with in print; and it is the involuntary exhibition of his character which gives to the book such interest as it may possess for persons not about to speculate in the mines of Idaho or Nevada. He has nothing very new or very profound to tell us about Utah or California; his reflections upon society, politics, and scenery are such as occur to ninety-nine out of every hundred of his countrymen; but it is rather curious to accompany this type of the keen self-reliant race which is spreading over the whole continent to the latest of their acquisitions. He, of course, looks at everything with the eye of a possible speculator, and his language is everywhere delicately flavoured with the appropriate slang. When he has to tell us that the San Francisco ladies dress expensively, he remarks that "in no other American city would the ladies invoice so high per head as in San Francisco." He evidently looks upon the filling of pulpits as a commercial question; the demand, he says, is "for smart effective orators, as well as holy men." Even the religious condition of a country has its pecuniary aspect. The population of a certain town "keep Sunday as we do in New England, and as no other population this side of the Missouri now does; and real estate, as you may infer, is quite high—four hundred dollars a front foot for best lots one hundred foot deep." The inference apparently rests upon the fact that Sunday-keeping implies a fixed, as distinguished from a migratory mining population. Mr. Bowles, of course, indulges in the occasional dashes of tall talk, with a slight spice of blasphemy, which are natural to an American editor; it is hard to determine whether

this is merely owing to a confusion between big words and eloquence common to all half-educated people, or to an incapacity for the reverential aspect of things, which brings very sublime topics into queer connections. "The Yosemite!" he exclaims in a fine rapture; "as well interpret God in thirty-nine articles as portray it to you by word of mouth or pen." Mr. Bowles is of course full of the glorious destinies of the great Republic, though, to do him justice, he does not talk upon this subject more than is inevitable in an American writer; and, in spite of bad taste and bombast, he has a fair measure of the cool, humorous shrewdness which is equally characteristic of his countrymen.

Some of the most interesting topics upon which a traveller in the Far West can give us information are the few anomalous forms of society which are destined to disappear before the rapidly advancing wave of American population. Before very many years are over it will apparently be possible to travel from New York to St. Francisco through a homogeneous race with fewer local peculiarities than can be seen in a walk across a single English county. For the present there are two or three distinct varieties which are not yet absorbed into the general mass. There are, of course, the red men—more generally described as "peaky sarapints" in the West—who, to adopt the phrase used by the English colonists in Ireland, according to Mr. Froude, "do a good deal of killing" on the overland route to California, and are killed to a considerable extent in return. With regard to them, Mr. Bowles says very simply that, if they cannot be induced to respect life and property and trade, they must be exterminated; and it need hardly be said which of these alternatives will most probably be adopted. A more remarkable population, which is equally certain to be absorbed or expelled before long, is that of Salt Lake City. It seems that there is now springing up a strong Gentile minority in the heart of Brigham Young's dominions. Utah, unfortunately, lies in the great high-road between East and West, and its natural advantages are such that, "in 'the great and glorious future' of Fourth-of-July orations, it will not only be the chief commercial city of the mountains, but one of the most attractive watering-places on the continent." Federal officers, and the representatives of telegraph and stage lines and of Californian firms, are already forming a society with schools, newspapers, and a literary association. Polygamy seems, under these circumstances, to be becoming an open question. The party had a curious discussion with Brigham Young upon this point, the Mormon elders being anxious to know whether the United States Government wished to interfere with it. Mr. Colfax ingeniously evaded the question by suggesting that it would be an excellent thing if the prophets of the Church were to have a new revelation upon the subject. Mr. Brigham Young went so far as to admit that polygamy was not an essential practice in the Church, but only a privilege and a duty; and he said that he should readily welcome a new revelation such as that suggested—in which case it may no doubt be confidently expected. It seems, however, that the leaders contemplate a further exodus, to preserve the purity of their faith. They have already fixed a permanent colony in the Sandwich Islands, and are supposed to contemplate a retreat thither from the approach of railways, commerce, and miners. In a material point of view, the colony seems to prosper. The Mormon leaders have indeed kept their people strictly to agriculture, in order to render them more manageable; and the mineral resources of the country are left to be developed by the Gentiles, who are only now beginning to intrude. The people, however, are comfortable, if not rich, and have, we are assured, "a great deal of business intelligence and activity, a great deal of generous hospitality, besides most excellent strawberries and green peas, and the most promising orchards of apricots, peaches, plums, and apples that these eyes ever beheld anywhere." They owe, moreover, to a paternal despotism a theatre equal in pretension to the opera-houses of New York or Boston; and, in the judgment of Mr. Bowles at least, the performances would do credit to a first-class professional company, although, in that which he saw, the principal characters were sustained by a day-labourer and a carpenter. The Mormon temple is to be, if it is ever finished, "the finest church edifice in America." In regard to other matters, Mr. Bowles appears to take a more sensible, if a more prosaic, view of the Mormons than some paradoxical travellers, who take a pleasure in a cosmopolitan admiration of polygamy, or in the melodramatic horrors attributed to their theocratic leaders. The general mass of the population seems to be quiet and unintelligent, and their leaders do not diverge very widely from the ordinary type of vulgar half-conscious impostors. Mr. Brigham Young preached a sermon set off by "cheap rant and poor cant." Mr. Rockwell, who had the credit of being the leader of the "Avenging Angels," and of whose innumerable murders of seceding Mormons various romantic legends have been told, has taken of late years to "heavy whisky drinking," but is as "mild-mannered a man as ever scuttled ship or murdered crews." We are treated to two or three specimens of the eloquence of the leaders, which resembles a cross between that of the British blackguard and the Western stump orator. Mr. George A. Smith, a Vice-President of the Church, said that the United States Government was not at peace; "he damned it, and hoped to see the day when it would sink to hell; nothing in the shape of a free Government could ever stand on American soil that was opposed to Mormonism and polygamy." Mr. Brigham Young himself observed that "if they undertook to try him in a Gentile court, he would see the Government in hell first, and was ready to

\* Across the Continent. By Samuel Bowles. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1866.

fight the Government the rub. He had his soldiers, and rifles and pistols and cannon too, and would use them. He was on it! He was the real governor of this people, and by powers of the Most High he would be governor of this territory for ever and ever, and if the Gentiles did not like this, they could leave it and go to hell." As for polygamy, it is practically debasing, and it is a significant failing of the Mormons that they have never emulated the most characteristic merit of American colonies in founding a free-school system. In short, although the reign of Brigham Young is certainly a curious phenomenon, it is a vulgar, commonplace, and disgusting system when it is too closely examined. The vast resources of the country, and its distance from the civilized world, will enable it to hang together until the Pacific Railway introduces too strong an admixture of the Gentile element.

The most alien part of the population of the Far West is formed by the Chinese emigration. In the Pacific States there are from sixty to eighty thousand Chinese. They do not, indeed, take root, as they come without women, and, in case of death, have their bodies sent home. Still, as in Australia, they have excited the jealousy of the white labourers, who have oppressed them in every possible way. They pay a heavy tax as miners; their testimony is inadmissible against the white man; and they have been robbed, abused, maimed, and murdered according to the usual practice of an English-speaking population in presence of any variety of "native." The great demand for their labour appears, however, to be gradually introducing a better state of things. They make a living on mines which the less laborious white man has abandoned. Several thousands of them are employed upon the Pacific Railroad, and they are largely employed in the woollen manufactures, which are now in a flourishing state. Some of them are even considerable merchants, and their reputation for fair and honest dealing, we are told, is above that of the American merchants generally. Mr. Bowles and his friends were treated by them to a sumptuous feast, and he gives us, as the result of his intercourse, a specimen of "pigeon-English," which begins as follows:—

My namee being Norval topside that Glampian Hillee  
My father you sabee my father, makee pay chow-chow he sheep  
He smallo heartee man, too muchee take care that dolla, galls, &c. &c.

On scenery Mr. Bowles thinks it right to be occasionally eloquent, and we have collected the following notes for the benefit of zealots of the Alpine Club who may be turning their thoughts to fresh conquests on the approaching exhaustion of the Alps. The finest peak in Colorado is Long's Peak, said to be 14,600 feet high. It is, however, inconsistently said to be lower than the highest peak in Northern California, Mount Shasta, which is set down as 14,400; and in Oregon, Mount Hood is scarcely so high, but is represented as remarkably beautiful. The highest peaks, however, in the States are said to be some recently measured in the Sierra Nevada, in Southern California and Nevada. One or two of them are higher than Shasta; one called Mount Tyndall is 14,500, and another, Mount Whitney, is at least 15,000 feet. There are mountains of 13,000 feet and upwards in Washington Territory, on the borders of British Columbia; so that, on the whole, Mr. Bowles is justified in boasting that the United States have a Switzerland at home. The scenery upon whose charms he dwells with the greatest delight is that of the Yosemite valley, in California, on the road to which, from San Francisco, lie the Wellingtons, or Washingtons, as they have been called in America. It seems to be really one of the curiosities of the world. It is about eight miles long, and from half a mile to a mile in width. It is bounded by granite cliffs, said to be "absolutely vertical," and of a height frequently greater than the breadth of the valley. Various peaks rise for six or seven thousand feet, and are said to be "absolutely inaccessible." Magnificent waterfalls come over the sides, the loftiest being 2,600 feet in height or fifteen times as high as Niagara, with at times a very respectable body of water. We can readily believe that the scenery indicated by these measurements is, if not "stupendous and unique," at least very remarkable; and it is gratifying to hear that Congress has ceded the valley to the State of California, to be reserved as a place for public resort and enjoyment—a very excellent precedent, which might be followed with advantage in the case of beauties more perishable than that of granite cliffs three or four thousand feet high. It would be well worth the trouble of enthusiastic English mountaineers to visit some of this scenery.

The great morals of Mr. Bowles's book are two, which it will be sufficient to state to show their importance, though we cannot go into the statistics by which he supports them. The first is, that the Pacific Railway is of the utmost importance to bind the Pacific to the Eastern States; the second, that anybody who thinks of buying shares in a mining company in California had better think twice about it, and carefully meditate General Fremont's saying—"When I came into California I was worth nothing, and now I owe two millions of dollars."

#### THE FOREIGN POLICY OF HENRY VIII.\*

THE English public has been long enough kept waiting for a translation of Ranke's maturest work—the History of England, chiefly in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Mr. Froude is energetically nearing the close of his task before many of his readers are enabled to compare the execution of its earlier portion with the treatment of the same subject by his less

enthusiastic German contemporary. Meanwhile, it is well that some of the most promising of the veteran professor's scholars and followers continue to develop, at all events for the benefit of his own countrymen, some of their master's views which independent study seems to them only to confirm. One of the most active members of this school is M. Maurenbrecher, from whose nice judgment and diligent research may be expected contributions even more valuable than those which he has already furnished to the history of the period of the Reformation. The unpretending series of lectures recently delivered by him on English history during that period is valuable, both in itself and on account of the notes with which he has accompanied its publication. The archives of Simancas, and the publications of our own Record Office, have equally helped to furnish the basis of these very interesting essays, which, composed in a simple and direct style, throw much light upon the foreign policy of the Tudor reigns.

As an example of M. Maurenbrecher's treatment of English history, founded in the main upon Ranke's views, it will suffice to instance his account of the connection between the foreign policy of Henry VIII. and the events which gave rise to the great schism between England and the Papal authority. This account necessarily brings the author more than once face to face with Mr. Froude; but it is written in no controversial spirit, and never rises above a tone of mild wonder at the robust faith of Henry's uncompromising champion. M. Maurenbrecher is of opinion "that the state of affairs on the continent of Europe exercised a more potent reaction upon the island-kingdom than the English historians of our day seem to be aware of," and that "it was precisely at the most decisive moments that the influence of European politics decided the course of affairs in England." While assenting to the general truth of these propositions, we doubt whether, in their application to the reign of Henry VIII., M. Maurenbrecher has not gone too far; whether, at all events, he has not gone farther than Professor Ranke himself.

The foreign policy of Henry VII. was a doubtful bequest to his self-willed son. The founder of the Tudor dynasty, who had formerly been almost without allies among the princes of Europe, was not unnaturally doubtful as to the comparative value of the friendship of those whom his perseverance and good fortune had at last brought to his side. His relations with Spain had latterly varied from warmth to coldness, and back again to lukewarmness; and Catharine of Aragon, the resident widow of Prince Arthur, had felt the effects of each successive phase. Meanwhile the King had been coquetting with the honest knight on the Imperial throne, ever prolific in promises, ever careless as to their performance, ever hopeful and ever penniless. The death of his father made Henry VIII. master of the question of his own marriage and of the foreign policy of which it could not fail to be accepted as the sign. The young King determined to marry the Infanta, and thus stultify the protest into which he had entered by his father's directions. Mr. Froude, it may be remembered, gently insinuates that his hero was, in his innocence, *quasi* forced to this fatal step. "Being himself but a boy of eighteen, he was persuaded by a majority of the Council, in spite of his vow, and in spite of the remonstrances of the Archbishop of Canterbury, to renew his engagement." This exceptional docility is more naturally interpreted by Ranke as a sign that, "unless all appearances deceive, political considerations coincided with the inclination of the King." At all events, the act involved a decisive alliance between Henry VIII. and his father-in-law. It was not of many years' duration, for from the year 1513 may be dated a new and more important phase in English foreign policy. Under the influence of Wolsey, Henry closely attached himself to the Emperor Maximilian I. The Imperial sword helped to fight the battles of England in France, while English gold filled the yawning coffers of the Emperor's treasury. For that popular monarch and faithful friend was ever loud in his demands for the sinews of action, in return for which he gave, sometimes the use of his military prowess, but always a profusion of promises—in this instance amounting to nothing less than a proffer of the Crown of France. The true method of conciliating this ally was summed up as follows by Pope Julius II. (quoted by Dr. Pauli in an essay on *European Diplomacy in the Year 1516*):—"Imperator est levis et inconstans; alienæ pecuniæ semper mendicus, quam male consumit in venandis camuciis; est tamen conciliandus nomine diaboli, et pecunia semper ei est danda."

It was the direct interest of Charles V. to hold fast to the English alliance, with the help of which France might be overthrown, and the first step accomplished towards the universal monarchy of the House of Hapsburg. Wolsey was to be rewarded, through the influence of the Emperor, with the Papal tiara. The offer, whether seriously made or not, was seriously understood. On two successive occasions the Emperor broke his promise. The second abandonment of his pretensions converted Wolsey into a personal enemy of Charles V., who, in a doubly fatal hour for himself, had promoted the election of Clement VII. to the chair of St. Peter. M. Maurenbrecher shows that the English Minister lost no time in commencing to intrigue with France, and that the battle of Pavia only delayed the conclusion of a triple alliance against the Imperial power by the Pope and the French and English Crowns.

It is at this point that the delicate question arises as to the influence of this important turn in European politics upon the domestic affairs of the English King. With regard to the fact of the operation of such an influence there can of course be no doubt, but there is much difficulty in estimating its relative importance,

\* *England im Reformationszeitalter*. Vier Vorträge von Wilhelm Maurenbrecher. Düsseldorf: 1866.



and in fixing the order of events as they occurred. The motives which actuated Henry in agitating for a divorce were doubtless threefold—namely, his desire for an heir, his aversion to the Emperor, and his wish for Anne Boleyn. The first-mentioned motive has an all but undisputed pre-eminence in Mr. Froude's pages:—

No one [says M. Maurenbrecher in a note] will think of denying the great importance of these circumstances and observations; but Froude's account lacks the due consideration of all sides of the question. He has not sufficiently insisted upon the connection between the divorce and the change in Wolsey's European policy; and he has completely overlooked the intention of Wolsey to substitute a French for the Spanish marriage. The panegyric tone of his History almost allows the idea to suggest itself to the reader, as if Henry had separated from his wife from a sense of duty, as it were from a consideration for the national interests of England. How far more objective and how far truer appears, by way of contrast, the exposition of Ranke!

Those who remember, in addition to the passages referred to by M. Maurenbrecher, the exquisite pathos with which Mr. Froude dwells upon Henry's recommendation of straightforward dealing to the Pope as "words which have a sad interest for us when we consider the manner in which the subject of them has been dealt with" will not quarrel with the gentle irony of the above remarks. To the "objective" pages of Ranke we accordingly turn. He shows that the only mode of bringing about a definitive rupture between England and the Hispano-Burgundian house was the dissolution of the marriage with Catharine, and the substitution in its place of a French match; the marriage with Catharine being itself the result of the political situation which had produced the first war of Henry VIII. against France. Wolsey is proved to have, as early as the year 1527, busied himself with this scheme. Ranke allows full weight to the motive of obtaining an heir, without the operation of which Henry VIII. would hardly have entered into Wolsey's combinations; and finally he observes that

The above-mentioned motives of foreign and domestic policy, the very religious scruples, were actually existent; but it would be refusing to see with open eyes, to deny that this new passion [for Anne Boleyn] which fed on the expectation of the divorce not absolutely refused by the spiritual power, furnished the most powerful personal impulse for carrying out that divorce.

Common sense will, we think, agree with the eminent historian; but there remains the inquiry, not wholly an idle one, though probably never to be answered quite satisfactorily, as to the authorship of the first idea of the divorce. Mr. Froude thinks that the purpose had been maturing in the King's mind for years; and this, while possibly true, is at all events easily said. What is known for certain is that, as early as 1525 (*two years after the election of the Pope*), Queen Catharine and Cardinal Wolsey had become determined enemies; and that in the same year Henry is found writing to Charles, proposing a marriage between the latter and the daughter and heiress of the English Crown—by which means the Emperor would come to possess the monarchy of the world. It is therefore probable that the suggestion of the divorce came from Wolsey, that its justification was sought in the necessity for an heir, and that its execution was due to the King's passion for Anne Boleyn.

Wolsey fell because he could not obtain the divorce which he had promised to bring about. Indeed the injured monarch, "putting faith in Wolsey's promises" (as Mr. Froude half-plaintively adds), had begun to live with his new Queen before he was rid of the old. M. Maurenbrecher has shown with sufficient clearness why the Pope, originally not disinclined to listen to the English demand, gradually grew deaf to it in proportion to the vehemence with which it was urged. In the year 1529 the quarrel between Pope and Emperor had come to an end, and from that date there was no longer any possibility of gratifying the wishes of the English King, even by the *pis aller* of a bigamous solution. When the Queen appealed from the Legate to the Pope, the former received the appeal, and his departure from England signalized the opening of the last phase of the question. Henry determined to help himself, and the last hour had arrived for the Papal supremacy in England. The hypothetical questions which arise are, therefore, the following—Had the alliance between the Emperor and England been maintained, would the attempt for obtaining the divorce from Rome have ever been made? Had the Emperor not been reconciled to the Pope, would that attempt have remained unsuccessful?

M. Maurenbrecher will, we hope, be enabled to develop more fully in some future work the probable solution of this and of other questions treated in these lectures. His view of the foreign policy of Queen Elizabeth—or rather of the policy which the wisdom of Cecil gradually induced her to adopt—is clearly and successfully brought out. He has added another to the thousand accounts of the catastrophe of Mary Queen of Scots—accounts which vary scarcely less than the authentic portraits of the unfortunate Queen; but we have no space to follow him into the discussion of another doubtful question.

#### LORDS AND LADIES.\*

SOME of the situations which at the first glance seem most admirably suited to form the groundwork of a story often prove, upon trial, to be the least suitable that could have been thought of. The idea that is the germ of the plot of *Lords and Ladies* is one of this kind. The authoress apparently wants to show

how much better women can get on without men than men can get on without women. So she fills a country-house with a party of ten people, and makes the master of the house, in a fit of pique with his wife, fall in with the proposal of a misogynist, that all the gentlemen of the party should leave their wives and sweet-hearts, and betake themselves to one of the little desolate islands off the coast. As it happens, the ladies of the party, too, enter into a similar conspiracy on their side; and so a compact is struck. Each section is to take possession of an island, and engages for a month not to allow itself to be visited by any person of the opposite sex, nor to visit the mainland except for the purpose of going to church. All the gentlemen go to the island of Puff, and all the ladies to the adjacent island of Luff. At first this seems an uncommonly promising and ingenious notion, but we no sooner get the ladies and gentlemen separated, and left to their respective devices, than we see that the idea is in truth much less fertile of amusement than it looked. It is highly important, for instance, that we should be made to perceive how very much bored gentlemen become with one another when there are no ladies among them. But then it is barely possible to paint a number of dull and thoroughly bored people without running grave risk of boring the onlooker proportionately; and a set of men who do not know how on earth to pass the day scarcely possess the material for kindling general excitement outside. Bad cooking, uncomfortable living, selfish wranglings, cannot be made so very much more cheerful in description than they are in reality. And, again, with the ladies the case is not much more lively. Their cooking is very good, and their rooms are kept clean and comfortable. Their wranglings are so violent, when they do wrangle, that the authoress cannot trust herself to describe the details, which makes the quarrel as dull for the reader as if the heroines had remained in a state of bald tranquillity. The charades which they perform to pass the time are a shade more tiresome than the yarn of a ticket-of-leave butler whom the gentlemen draw out for their amusement. And we feel, too, that confidential autobiographies are rather an illegitimate means of making a month's doings supply material for three volumes. They are not in the bond. We want to be shown how the writer would imagine one sex to be likely to get on without the other, and therefore filling up the time with accounts of events in which both sexes alike were concerned is an unfair shirking of the real point.

The gist of the writer's argument about men seems to be that they are for the most part sly and gluttonous. The great grievance of the gentlemen in their desert island is bad and dirty cooking. After enduring this for some days they all go on shore to church. In church they see the landlord of the hotel of the town, and each of them resolves that, as soon as service is over, he will leave his companions, slink off quietly to the hotel, and there recompense himself for past privations by a neat repast to be devoured in strict solitude. Of course an authoress ought to know her own characters. Still we may be permitted to doubt whether a number of gentlemen of the ordinary stamp would be in the least likely to perpetrate a shabby bit of greediness such as this. For the people who thus rush off in private to enjoy good dinners in solitude are not bagmen, but a baronet and a banker. There may be, certainly, both baronets and bankers who would not be ashamed of this schoolboy meanness, but we very strongly object to have them passed off as representatives of their sex. However, things are made equal, though perhaps unintentionally. For, if men are greedy, women are foolish. While the former are thinking about eating and drinking, one of the latter is indulging in a very ambitious appeal to the ocean, beginning, "Oh! sea—so grand in quiet beauty, so lovely in majestic repose, so loveable in gentle power—why art thou so remorseless? Why rage and swell? Why drown the people who have confided in your goodness and strength? What ails thee, oh! thou sea, that thou drivest to and fro?" and so on, until the sea, with something of a *tu quoque*, replies—"Look into the heart of man. What seest thou there? Evil and passion continually." The young lady seems to admit the argument. "If," she continues, "the creatures with living souls rage and terrify their fellow-mortals with the violence of their stormy words, wherefore ask of that which hath no reason, which knoweth not good from bad, which obeyeth the laws of nature, which listens to the whispers of the wind, and rises and falls as the west or the south wind blows, which hath never altered since God made it, beheld it, and said 'It is good'?" We quite agree with the young lady that there is not much use in asking the sea why it drowns people, though the analogy between the sea in a storm and a living soul in a rage is not of the most conclusive order. However, there is less of a calumny in making romantic maidens of nineteen talk Ruskinian nonsense than in supposing that every gentleman usually takes every available opportunity of getting a good dinner to himself.

It is pretty clear that the writer is of the more romantic sex. Otherwise, she would scarcely talk of "that sweet and elegant room," that "beautiful and fresh dining-room"; nor would she probably have thought of making her whole plot rise out of a feud between a lord and his lady on the subject of smoking in the beautiful and fresh dining-room. This enormity is plainly one of those sins against which she feels it to be a stern duty to lift up her voice in season and out of season. In the third volume she returns to the charge which had opened the first volume. The cook on the island of Puff incontinently drove the squire and the rest of his employers out of the kitchen,

\* *Lords and Ladies*. By the Author of "Margaret and her Bridesmaids." 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1866.

which they had entered with cigars in their mouths. The squire took the cook's proceedings in very good part, and admitted that he could fancy "the flavour of tobacco, in such delicate things as creams and jellies, not good—in fact, nasty." On which the writer exclaims, "Oh! did no good spirit whisper in your ear that an odour of tobacco, of smoked and stale tobacco, in a sweet and elegant room was as unsuited to it as to creams and jellies?" This kind of writing, of which there is a great deal too much, is not particularly amusing or pointed; but of course, having got a parcel of dull people on a desert island, you must make whatever fun you can get, without an excessive fastidiousness as to its quality. The authoress is no better off for resources than her characters, and with her males, at all events, she is severely pressed. Men, as she says, "are but poorly gifted in the art of amusing each other," and she takes care that her heroine's prophecy shall be fulfilled—that the lords "will smoke until they are all bilious; they will shoot until they know every rabbit left on the island; they will play whist half the day, wrangling over it; they will gawn over their books, and only feel pretty lively when dinner is announced." As this prediction has to be brought about out of respect to the heroine, she is obliged to fill up with rather forced fun of her own. The statement that men are but poorly gifted in the art of amusing each other evidently represents her own conviction. Woman, on the other hand, "has been gifted with an enthusiasm you don't find in men; with a patient and hopeful mind that carries her through minor difficulties that no man could tolerate; with a quickness of wit and a courage under trials that enables her to grapple with domestic troubles that would leave a man stranded and helpless." Is it true, though, that if we want enthusiasm, we "don't find it in men"—not in Newton, for instance, or Wesley, or St. Francis—but in women only, whose single profession, according to the writer, is to marry? And if we were in search of the highest sort of patient and hopeful mind, should we look for it among scullery-wench and housemaids and fond mothers, or among mathematicians and physicists? Compare the patience demanded for a series of intricate calculations with that required in cooking a dinner or keeping a room clean. The authoress proves, indeed, that among her puppets those whom she has labelled with men's names are more patient and helpful than those whom she has labelled with women's names. But this is something short of a demonstration, she will confess. Anybody who took the opposite view might just as conclusively have shown that men have a great deal more of the highest and most enduring kind of patience, even in minor difficulties, than women have. And if there is any truth in the ordinary laws of character, we do not see how a very refined or generous enthusiasm is likely to be created from the doctrine impressed upon women by the heroine, that "it is a woman's profession to marry." In an ordinary way this limited prospect would not breed much enthusiasm. And it is very precarious, as well as limited, unless the writer is prepared to allow something to be said in favour of polygamy. For there happen to be more marriageable women in the country than there are marriageable men, so that a good many of the former must positively have been created for a profession the duties of which it is impossible that they should fulfil. Then, again, suppose a woman is left a widow early in life, what becomes of her profession? And what if she has no children? However, it would have been too much to expect a novel written to prove a thing to take all these modifying considerations into account. Or perhaps the enthusiasm which the writer ascribes so exclusively to women is of the sort which vents itself in poetic appeals to the sea. Even this, poor and hollow as it is, does not usually last very long after marriage, and, if it should last, does not much gratify or conciliate an unenthusiastic lord.

#### ERASMI COLLOQUIA SELECTA.\*

NOT many years ago an Hungarian refugee called upon the Head-master of one of our grammar schools, and, seeking from him pecuniary or other aid, thought that the likeliest medium of intercommunication would be the Latin language. The Hungarian's Latin flowed glibly enough. The schoolmaster was less puzzled with the foreigner's pronunciation, though that of course was very different from his own, than with his own slowness and awkwardness in enunciating fitting replies. In truth the only sentence which he could flatter himself rolled satisfactorily off his tongue was one which he owed to his Eton Syntax, and which could not therefore be said to have been constructed for the occasion. To the stranger's appeal for funds to proceed on his journey, the Latin teacher replied with a half-crown, and the brief words "paullulum pecunie!" The fact was, his stock of Latin was not for every-day use. Cicero and Caesar do not furnish the scholar with every-day words and phrases; nay, more, it may be questioned whether facility of *vied voce* expression in any language can be attained except by constant practice in conversation. Indeed, in the opinion of not a few educators, something of the same system which obtains in girls' schools with regard to French might profitably be made use of in teaching boys Latin. The custom of conversing in it for an hour or two every day, with due safeguards against the stealthy introduction of "caninity," would probably conduce to more ease in Latin writing, and would certainly augment the young scholar's vocabulary. And whence do boys now acquire this vocabulary?

\* *Erasmi Colloquia Selecta*. Arranged for Translation and Retranslation, by Edward C. Lowe, D.D., Head-Master of St. John's Middle School, Hurstpierpoint. London and Oxford: J. H. & J. Parker. 1866.

Not surely from Arnold's Exercises—an importation since our day, and one which has, we venture to think, never helped a tyro to write a connected piece of Latin. Translation and retranslation from good authors may serve for the beginning of a hoard of Latin words and phrases, but the field from which selection is to be made is limited. Seneca, who might be made useful, is very little read. Terence and Plautus, who might be very serviceable, are held to be too difficult, or of too doubtful morality, for ingenious youth. For ourselves we cannot help believing that our stock of Latin words came mostly from the Latin notes to Greek classics, of our knowledge of which notes we had to give our Orbilius an account, "non capitis, sed culi periculo," as Erasmus hath it. Now many of such Latin notes were akin in character to the Latinity which Erasmus brought into vogue—very classical in the main, but with modernisms dashed in ever and anon, as will be seen in the *Adagia*, the *Encomium Morie*, and the *Colloquia*. And if it can be ensured that such words as are "mediis vel infimæ Latinitatis" shall be vigilantly distinguished from those which are of classical authority, so as to prevent both from being held in equal honour by unsophisticated students, there remains scarcely any argument for the preference of Cicero de *Senectute*, De *Amicitia*, or De *Officiis*, to the more attractive *Colloquia* of Erasmus, as vehicles for conveying practical knowledge of Latin reading and writing.

To prove the superior usefulness of these latter is what the zealous and intelligent Head-master of the Middle School, Hurstpierpoint, has undertaken in the work before us; and what, it may be added, he has accomplished with singular tact and success. Not ignorant of the dreary wastes, which masters and pupils alike hate and alike travel over, under the name of Delectus, he has had the courage to propose a cheerier route, by way of selections from the *Colloquia* of Erasmus. By these he aims at substituting the thoughts and habits of comparatively modern life, in a Latin garb, for the dull *Selectæ profanis scriptoribus*—the moral sentences and tedious anecdotes which boys may learn by rote, but can never take interest in. He reckons it so much clear gain if he can take his pupils over ground in which they have an interest, and he conceives that phrases which translate their own work and play, their thoughts and movements, will cling to the memory more certainly than the dimly-realized sentences of antiquity. Not that he underestimates higher scholarship, or the literature which is the fountain-head from which it springs. But he fairly pleads that the immense acquaintance with Latin writers of the best ages which was possessed by Erasmus guarantees an abundant crop of classical idioms and phrases in his *Colloquia*; an argument which every one will endorse who has, as it were, saluted his old friends Terence, Plautus, Cicero—not to speak of a host of parenomiographers—in the versatile Latinity of this latter-day Lucian. And whereas it might prove a drawback to this semi-royal road to the acquirement, at second-hand, of the cream of ancient Latinity, if with it one ran a risk of stumbling over solecisms which classical taste would repudiate, Dr. Lowe provides against such a contingency by printing in italics all words of slight or unrecognised authority, as well as by frequently drawing attention to the later origin and history of such words, in footnotes, which are at the same time pleasant gossip and needful cautions. It would, for example, scarcely be safe to show up an exercise to one of the awful Nine of whom we hear so much in these "New Primer" days, in which "opimum sacerdotium" figured as an equivalent for a "fat living"; or to follow Erasmus in using "Nugo -onis" instead of "nugator -oris," to designate "a trifle." But when such words and phrases are italicized for avoidance, the sting is taken out of them; while the experience gained in distinguishing good coin from baser metal is calculated to impart additional interest to the *Colloquia*.

So far we have confined our remarks to the illustration and enforcement of Dr. Lowe's own positions in reference to his use of the *Colloquia* for a text-book. But it strikes us that beyond these there are other reasons why they deserve to be used, and why it is to be regretted that they have not of late years been much more in boys' hands. Had they been so, we are inclined to think that the crop of humourists would have been more plentiful and unfailing amongst us; as also that many superstitions, which it has been held the province of preaching to combat, would have been laughed out of court under the action of harmless satire. Dr. Lowe, wisely no doubt, excludes from his "Selections" most of those colloquies which hit hardest at the Church of Rome; but amongst what he retains there are such telling blows against "invocation of saints," celibacy of the clergy, and the like, that if there is any value in the line

Adeo in teneris consuescere multum est,

there is little danger of "perversion" to the youthful students of Erasmus.

In the colloquy on Hunting after Church Preferment (De Capitandis Sacerdotiis) (pp. 18-22, c. 133-9) there is a discussion as to the respective merits of a wife and a living, which last of course involved celibacy. Says Cocles, the advocate of a lay life, "Tristis est solitudo, adeo ut nec Adam suavitur victurus fuerit in Paradiso, nisi Deus illi adjunxisset Evam." "Is that all?" rejoins Pamphagus, who takes the opposite side; "Non deerit Eva, cui sit opulentum sacerdotium." This is hard hitting; but any one who dips into the charges of Giraldus Cambrensis to his clergy, written some three hundred years before, will see that, long before Erasmus's day, priests had found a notable way of keeping their Eves and their benefices. The admirable colloquy of the Shipwreck, given by Dr. Lowe without any such curtail-



ment as he has adopted in the "Pietas Puerilis," is controversial enough; but its arguments against invocation of saints and worship of the Virgin take a form which is at the same time convincing and inoffensive. It is laughable enough to find the Mariolatry of the Italian sailors traced up to a confusion of her name and attributes with those of Venus, who "orta mari tutum mare prestat eunti." "What," asks Antoninus, "has the Virgin to do with the sea, who never, I trow, made a voyage?" Adolphus explains that "Venus in old days had the charge of sailors, because she was believed to have sprung from the sea. Since she has ceased to care for them, in the place of the mother who was no virgin, the Virgin mother has been chosen." (P. 71, cf. 163.) The wit and satire of the account of the sailor's vow to St. Christopher are sufficient to entitle it to a foremost place in any collection of "Erasmiana." We give Dr. Lowe's English version as a sample of his lively style in translation:—

I could not but laugh, as I heard one vowing as loud as he could bellow, lest he should not be attended to, a wax figure as big as the Saint to the St. Christopher who stands on the top of the Church at Paris, more like a mountain than a statue. While he was vociferating at his best, an acquaintance that happened to be standing next him gave him a nudge, and added a hint: "Mind what you promise," he says; "even if you sell by auction everything you possess, you could not pay this." The other replied in a more subdued tone, so that St. Christopher should not hear forsooth, "Hold your tongue, you idiot. Do you think I am speaking my real mind? If only once I set my foot ashore, I shall not give him as much as a tallow candle."—P. 72, cf. 165.

The narrator—who stands, it would seem, for the true Christian—justifies his own praying to God *direct* by the quaint argument that, were he to employ the good offices of St. Peter, who stands at heaven's gate, as a go-between, it might be all over with him before that saint could find the Almighty. "Priusquam ille conveniat Deum, priusquam exponat causam, ego jam periero." (73, cf. 166.) Without some specimens of the satire on which Erasmus so much depended for help in "laying the egg of the Reformation," we doubt whether a volume of selections from his Colloquies could have done him justice either with boys or children of a larger growth. But it is perhaps as well that we have not the *Letiophagia*, in which a butcher and a fish-monger chop wonderful theology, or the *Rash Vows*, or the *Virgin Accused to Matrimony*, recocked for these selections. To say nothing of a coarseness unsuited to a more refined age, though seemingly reproduced without remonstrance in N. Bailey's translation of 1735, these Colloquies, and others like them, are too long and too polemical to be quite natural talk. Erasmus indeed, to our thinking, is best when he is taking off the manners of his age, and giving play to that observant and sportive humour which imparts life and zest to his Colloquies. As a rule, this humour is regulated by good sense, and, whatever his rival Budæus thought of it, posterity cannot help enjoying the way in which Erasmus, in the *De Captandis Sacerdotiis*, makes one of the interlocutors promise the other as much money as he can wish, and after much pressure to extract the secret "whence," point gravely to the *As of Bhudeus*. The humourless author was huffed; but the joke was quite legitimate, and possibly might have been intended to give that learned treatise a friendly word.

But take Erasmus from amongst his equals and rivals into portrayal of the manners of the people, and how lively is his way of setting characters before us! How capital is the injunction of master to servant, in p. 24, to hunt up Cornelius the post-boy! "Hinc, quæres Cornelium, veredarium. Is plerumque est in Cervo; ibi potitat." ("He is generally at the Roebuck, a-drinking.") This is a contribution to the natural history of the class, almost as characteristic as Mark Tapley's remark when he stumbles on the parish clerk, just after his return from America to his native village, and finds him "very drunk, as usual." True to life, again, is the whole dialogue entitled Hippoplanus, "the jockey" or "horse-cheat," which, by the way, Dr. Lowe translates as if he had some knowledge of horsemanship. One would swear that the nag which at starting "capered with uncommon liveliness, but was dead-tired and insensible to the spur in less than half an hour," was one of those identical "bargains" so constantly offered in the *Times* advertisement sheet. There is also infinite humour in the contrast between French and German inns, in the colloquy named "Divensoria." The gusto with which the "Ladies of Lyons" of Erasmus's day are praised inclines us to regard the learned humourist as a sort of pre-reformational Father Prout. Landlady, barmaid, waitresses, all the woman-kind, "welcome the coming" and "speed the parting guest," "tanto affectu ac si fratres essent omnes, aut propinquæ cognationis." The point of this laudation is discovered when the latter part of the colloquy shows up the cavalier manners, bad cheer, and wretched accommodation of the German hosteleries. "The Jockey," "the Inns," and "the Rich Miser" ("Opulentia sordida") are, without exaggeration, "as good as a play." The fire of wet wood in the miser's house lasted the whole day unfed, "non absque fumo, sed sine flammâ." His gala days were signalized by a bill of fare consisting of three courses ("missus")—1, A broth made of cheese-parings and water, and nicknamed "Ministra," which Dr. Lowe interprets "Potage à la domestique"; 2, tripe that had been boiled a fortnight, and was anything but savoury; and 3, some cheap fish, "auratæ," of which probably neither Dr. Lowe's translation "golden bream," nor Bailey's "whittings," quite conveys the worthlessness. After reading this colloquy through, one might fancy that it justified the charge against Erasmus, that he was an epicure, flung at him by his contemporaries, were it not that, after satirizing to the full the mean table of Antonius, he finds room

for the remark, "Ye Gods, if a man can preserve health on so little, what a deal of expense are Germans, English, Danes, and Poles at on their stomachs!" "Yes," adds the other colloquist, "et quidem non sine gravi tum valetudinis tum ingenii detrimento," to the hurt of health and wits alike. Scattered up and down the selected Colloquies will be found a good sprinkling of proverbs, of classical or of later Latinity, enough to whet the appetite for Erasmus's earlier work the *Adagia*. There are also allusions to funny customs, such as saluting a person when he sneezes (p. 1), "bending the knee slightly when you answer a question" (p. 27), and interlarding your speech to your superiors with frequent mention of their names—customs which we are happy to believe are gone out. In the "Domestica Confabulatio" (p. 12), the "Lupus in fabulâ" or "Talk of the Devil" proverb of classical literature is capped by the still prevalent superstition that one's ear tingles when others are speaking of one—"Tinnit auris." But it is unnecessary to attempt further to show what a charm for young and old is to be found in this liveliest work of one of the most learned as well as most witty of humourists.

Dr. Lowe deserves to be rewarded for this boon to his own pupils, and to those, we trust, of many other teachers—who will find in it an easy mode of making Latin attractive and palatable—by witnessing in his own day a wider growth, not only of good Latinity, but also of Erasmian humour and sprightliness of style.

#### MOSAICS AT ROME AND RAVENNA.\*

MR. PARKER'S late pilgrimages to Rome have opened for him several new fields of artistic study. It is a rather bold leap from the domestic architecture of England and France to the remains of the earliest Christian buildings, and even to the works of the Roman Kings. Mr. Parker, in his inquiries north of the Alps, has commonly shown a distrust of received beliefs which sometimes verges upon incredulity, and a certain tendency to place every building as late as he possibly can. Both these qualities have their use. Incredulity, even if sometimes pushed to an unreasonable extent, is useful in dealing with a mass of very uncertain evidence, sometimes with actual mythical stories. A tendency to place buildings too late is a wholesome reaction against the prevalent tendency of sentimental antiquaries to place them too early. If, as seems likely, Mr. Parker intends for the future to give a large share of his attention to Italian antiquities, these qualities will stand him in great stead in his new studies. Nowhere is a clear and firm grasp of the general history of a country more necessary to the archaeologist who devotes himself to any particular class of its monuments. Nowhere are the successive revolutions of the land more plainly recorded on its architectural and other artistic remains. Nowhere is it more necessary to bring the discriminating tact of modern criticism to bear upon legend which is apt to be mistaken for history. The almost sceptical tone of mind which Mr. Parker has shown in dealing with many points of English and French archaeology may serve as some guaranty for his never being carried away by unsupported traditions, and for his admitting nothing which does not rest on abundant evidence, monumental or documentary. How untrustworthy the ground is on which the early history both of pagan and of Christian Rome rests, must be known to Mr. Parker as well as any man. Much of the early hagiology is as mythical as the legends of the Kings of Rome. And the later history of Italian art will be quite unintelligible to any one who does not carefully compare monumental and written history, and habitually bring them to bear on one another. The conversion of the Empire to Christianity, the Gothic occupation, the Byzantine reconquest, the rise of the cities and of the nobles, the various foreign invasions earlier and later, have all left their impress on buildings, pictures, and sculpture. A cautious, an accurate, an almost sceptical, in a word, a truly historical mind, is even more necessary for such inquiries than it is in England, quite as much so as it is in France.

Mr. Parker's immediate subject, in the pamphlet now before us, is the mosaics of Rome and Ravenna, remains which are of great importance both in an historical and in an artistic point of view. Mr. Parker professes to have done little more than make a descriptive catalogue, first for his own use, and then for that of other English visitors to Italy. He gives numerous illustrations, but, with one exception, there is no attempt to represent the colours of the original. Of some of them, coloured representations on a splendid scale will be found in Mr. Gally Knight's great work on the Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy.

The point of most historical importance suggested by these mosaics is the continuous series, both of the pictures themselves and of the buildings which they adorn. Many people have no notion of the fifth and sixth centuries save that it was a time when, as Mr. Layard said in one of his speeches, "Goths, Huns, and Vandals could not succeed in establishing their barbarous systems, but deluged the world with blood." We dare say that Mr. Layard got a cheer for his pains, and we dare say that both he and his hearers fully believed that Theodoric and Attila were just the same sort of people. Only, looking through Mr. Parker's catalogue of

\* *Mosaic Pictures in Rome and Ravenna, briefly described by John Henry Parker, F.S.A. With Diagrams. Oxford and London: James Parker & Co. 1866.*

*On Mosaics generally, &c. &c. By Dr. A. Salviati of Venice. London: printed by Wertheimer & Co. 1865.*

buildings and mosaics, we do not find the least trace of so much as an attempt to establish any barbarous system on the part of anybody. The mystic year 476, when some people tell us that the Roman Empire came to an end, seems to have made no difference whatever in Rome itself, or anywhere else in Italy. People went on building churches and adorning them with mosaics, under the rule of Goths, Huns, and Vandals, just the same as they had done under the most orthodox and civilized Cæsars. Mr. Parker himself is so unconscious of any change that he raises Theodoric to the rank of Emperor. The plain truth, of course, is that Theodoric, Goth as he was, preserved, restored, and imitated the works of Roman art; or, to put it more truly, the Romans went on building and painting in his time just as they had done before, only far more effectively, because they were under a stronger and better government. The reconquest—so to call it—of Italy under Justinian, brought in, at Ravenna at least, some new architectural forms. And it is quite characteristic of the prince who sat quietly at home and sent Belisarius and Narses to conquer the world, that Justinian and Theodora are, as far at least as we can gather from Mr. Parker's list, the first secular potentates who appear on the walls of a church. They are coolly represented in St. Vitalis at Ravenna, exactly as if they had taken a part in the consecration of the building, which has led some people, not unnaturally, to believe that they were actually there. Another church in the same city, that of St. Apollinaris, is remarkable for containing a representation, not indeed of a prince, but of a prince's house. Its nave is adorned with a mosaic picture of the palace of Ravenna and of the gate of the city. Now is the building here represented the famous palace of Theodoric, which some remove from the age of Theodoric to that of the Lombard Kings? It is about as much like it as ancient pictures of buildings ever are like the buildings themselves—more like it than the representation of Bosham church in the Bayeux Tapestry is like any church that exists, or ever could have existed, at Bosham. Like most of the architectural representations in the Tapestry, it seems to attempt the feat of showing the inside and outside of the house at once. But it agrees with the actual building in what, for the architectural historian, is the most important point. At least it seems in the upper story to represent decorative arcades, and the main pillars have heavy abaci, plain vestiges of the days of the entablature, such as we often see in primitive Romanesque buildings.

The series of Roman mosaics goes on without interruption to the end of the ninth century. At the beginning of this last century the art of mosaic was transferred from Rome to Aachen. From Ravenna there went actual columns and marbles for the enrichment of Charles the Great's minster, which, by the way, Mr. Parker—he must have been reading some French book—calls the "cathedral," as he also prematurely turns Charles, King and Patrician, into Emperor in 797. From Rome, however, only artists seem to have gone; the spoils of the old capital were not transferred to the new. We do not know whether it is safe to infer a negative from Mr. Parker's list, but it is certainly worth notice that he does not mention any King or Emperor between Justinian and Charles as represented in the pictures. No intervening prince made his existence so practically felt in the ancient capital, save only the younger Constantine, who made his presence felt only for mischief. The Popes were not likely to set up pictures of Emperors who exercised no practical authority in the city, nor yet thus to half-canonize the hated Iconoclasts. From Justinian, powerful and orthodox, to Charles, equally powerful and equally orthodox, the leap, if it really exists, is perfectly natural. That Justinian and Charles had each of them a will of his own in ecclesiastical matters made little difference. Pontiffs had not yet learned to put their feet on the necks of Kings.

The tenth and eleventh centuries form a perfect blank in Roman art. As Mr. Parker truly says, those centuries were at Rome "a period of perpetual civil war and destruction, and we have no buildings remaining of that period, and scarcely any notices that any were erected." But Mr. Parker overshoots the mark when he says that things were not much better elsewhere, that "the whole of Europe was overrun by hordes of uncivilized barbarians." It sounds odd to read this even of the tenth century, much more of the eleventh. No doubt in the tenth century the Danes did a great deal of mischief; still parts of that century were highly flourishing periods both in England and Germany, and the eleventh century was an age of architectural development only inferior to the last years of the twelfth. Alike in Germany, France, and England—we might add Denmark in the zeal of its new conversion—the eleventh century was a great building age. How far the buildings of those centuries were rebuilt or modified in the twelfth is a question which is a fair matter of dispute between Mr. Parker and some of his brother antiquaries; but that many great churches, whatever has become of them since, were built in those days, is an historical fact. Indeed Mr. Parker himself speaks directly afterwards of a revival in the eleventh century; only, as he truly says, it did not extend to Rome, which lagged behind the rest of Europe.

In England we have very few specimens of mosaic work. Some small portions of pavement in Westminster Abbey, executed for Henry the Third by Italian artists, stand almost alone. Mr. Parker is anxious to revive, or rather to introduce, the art among us. And here Dr. Salviati steps in with a list of works of the kind which he has himself executed. There is no objection in principle to the adornment of a Gothic building with mosaic pictures. The mediæval architects freely painted everything; to

introduce mosaics, it is argued, is only to do in a more durable way what frescos do in a way which is very perishable. Yet one may doubt whether these constructive decorations, so to speak, lend themselves so freely to a subsidiary position as the mere painting on the stone does. Whatever coloured decorations are introduced into a Gothic building must be content to be quite subordinate to the main lines of the architecture. We want painted roofs, painted walls, painted windows; but we want roofs, walls, and windows to be primary, and what is painted upon them to be secondary. The gigantic figures which we admire in some of the ancient Italian churches would be out of place, or rather would be impossible, in a Gothic building. We should like to see Mr. Parker's experiment tried; but we feel that it would be only an experiment. We confess that we somewhat doubt its success. Is not this style of decoration suited only for a style which has large wall-spaces, and which does not object to square edges? How could wall-pictures in mosaic fit in between two windows with richly moulded jambs? Ordinary colouring on the surface can be carried equally over plain wall and over mouldings. We suspect that the mosaic art would have to be greatly modified in order to apply it to Gothic buildings. But that is no reason at all why the experiment should not be fairly tried.

#### FOR EVER AND EVER.\*

THE authoress of *For Ever and Ever* is a phenomenon in her way. Having begun her literary career with a novel of decided promise, she has gone on steadily deteriorating, and, to judge from the work now before us, is in a fair way to reach that Avernus of fiction which the penny novel may be taken to represent. Whether she has been preparing herself for her task by copious libations from that well of undefiled English, the *London Journal*, we are unable to say; but she has thoroughly caught its gorgeous throbbing style, and reproduces it to perfection. To take only one point of comparison. Every one knows how eloquent the penny novelist grows about a kiss. He has no notion of a kiss pure and simple. It is nothing if not a glueing of lips and an intertwining of forms. Now it so happens that at p. 185, vol. iii., Miss Marryat has to describe the same operation. The heroine, it appears, had long wished to kiss the hero. "She had hungered and thirsted too long, she had been nearly starved to death for lack of nourishment, and love's feast was spread before her. With a passion almost akin to his own, her pomegranate mouth rested upon his, while the fragrance of her breath came and went upon his face, and made his senses reel beneath its influence." This is sublime. It beats the glueing business hollow. We are not quite sure that we know what a pomegranate mouth is, but at all events it sounds very luscious. And there is an additional piquancy in making the young lady, and not the gentleman, take the initiative in this ardent caress. We will quote one more passage only, also bearing on the tender passion. The parties to this memorable kiss happen to look in each other's eyes. Whereupon Miss Marryat mounts her Pegasus, and tells us that "the flaming colour mounted higher and higher into the youthful cheeks and brow of the lady, while her lips and nostrils quivered with suppressed emotion, and into the liquid eyes, swimming in tears, there rushed an eloquent light, which without effort on the gentleman's part was quickly answered from his own," the joint result being "an electric light such as only passes between man and woman when they love." This is just the thing to titillate the soul of John Thomas and Mary Ann, when they indulge in their weekly pennyworth of fiction. It is redolent of the *Mysteries of the Court*, or any other equally exciting revelation.

There is a no less lamentable falling-off in matter than in style. Incidents and characters furnish the raw material for a plot, but they cannot be accepted as a substitute for one. Miss Marryat seems to think that to crowd figures on her canvass, and accumulate details, however trivial, is the way to carry on the action of her story. It would be far more readable if half the characters were cut out, and all the irrelevant matter omitted. In this case, however, we must admit that very little would remain to be read. The episode of the seduction of Winifred Balchin, for instance, has no sort of connection with the rest of the story, which would be quite as coherent, indeed much more so, if it were suppressed. It is introduced, apparently, to allow the authoress to treat her readers to a series of scenes which are painfully suggestive of a transpontine melodrama. Some of the characters are very original, by which we mean that they are very strange, and behave in a very odd way. The hero is a young artist, who has a good genius in the shape of his rector's daughter, and an evil genius in the shape of a London actress. How he is rescued from the witcheries of the naughty Rowena Bellew, to die in Burmah when on the point of union with the virtuous Henrietta Stuart, we leave to be discovered by any one who has the patience to read to the end of these volumes. We must confine ourselves to noticing some of the people and incidents which occur in them. The opening scene is laid in a Kentish village, where John Wardlaw has got the rector and sexton's daughters to sit to him as models. "Pussy" Stuart was a patrician beauty, with hair "with golden tips" and a nose "of no particular denomination." Winifred Balchin was a gracefully-built girl; but

\* *For Ever and Ever*. By Florence Marryat. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1866.



there was something peculiar about her hair also, for it was of "an unmitigated yellow," and very fluffy, "always looking as if it had just been washed." When we add that Miss Bellew's tresses reached to her knees, it may be inferred that the principal charm of these three young women lay, like Samson's strength, in their hair. Sitting for a model is an employment which might be thought singular for the female members of a clerical household. It is evidently to relieve the mind of any prudish reader that our authoress adds that the young painter's sister was always present, "for propriety's sake." It could hardly be "for propriety's sake," one would think, that a rector's daughter should sit as the model "for a woman expecting condemnation for child-murder." The artist has the superfluous delicacy "to colour sensitively" in describing the subject of his picture. Lady-novelists are fond of introducing a professional man among their characters. The lawyer and the doctor are getting rather stale, so Miss Marryat treats us to a sketch of the English beneficed clergyman. The Rector of Sutton Valence is no ordinary ecclesiastic. He has not only a country-seat, but some half dozen parishes, and "the number of his curates was legion." Indeed, he considered it as great an act of charity to engage a curate as to buy coals and blankets for the poor, and he had "a couple or so" every day to dine with him. This remarkable sympathy for a curate was a part merely of that general tenderness which he felt towards the unhappy, the erring, and the tempted. In his youth he had been fast. "He had seen, and mixed in, the darkest phases of human life." As an incumbent, however, the tenor of his ways was as pure as it is possible for a mortal's to be; and, as our authoress truly observes, whilst we are mortal there must be a limit even to purity. What he was in his parish we may gather in some measure from the tone of his remarks to the sexton, whose daughter had been led astray by a young officer quartered at Maidstone. It throws, too, some light on his own character. "If," he says, "this child's yielding to the seductions of a person, probably far older and wiser than herself, be so heinous a crime, where shall you and I appear?" We know not which to admire most—the naïve assumption of the superior age and wisdom of the seducer, or the frankness of the avowal of the need of parson and clerk to have their own actions judged with indulgence. Apropos of this genial churchman, our authoress makes the following remark:—"It is difficult to believe that some of the stern monitors of our Church, who have not one excuse to urge for frailty, and not one word of encouragement to give to the fallen, can ever have felt the promptings of the archfiend themselves coming in the guise of anything which was to their natures most dear." We can quite go with her in the general proposition that it is human to err. But we "feel no difficulty in believing" that the English clergy, as a body, enjoys a tolerable immunity from the visitations of the Evil One.

If anything could be racier than this picture of the clerical mind, it would be the glimpses which Miss Marryat gives us of artist life. John Wardlaw goes to London to live with a brother craftsman, who lives in a slovenly den with a wife and twelve children in Westminster, and who talks in the following strain:—"What's your style, Wardlaw—landscape or figures? You must stick to nature. There's nothing like nature, Wardlaw, for a master. I never paint a single thing from memory. If I want a stone, I go out into the roads and look about till I find one that suits my fancy." His flesh-tints were wonderful, and he had a picture of the "Death of Sisera" in the Academy Exhibition. Miss Bellew had sat for Jael, the Kenite's wife, and at first sight of this work of art John Wardlaw falls in love with the original. Then he goes to study under a master who, having once sat as a model for St. Paul, had ever afterwards "pursued his daily vocation in the same costume as that in which he had been taken for the great Apostle." At an evening assembly for the discussion of art he encounters his divinity. The discussion on art resolved itself into a dance among the students, male and female, in the midst of which "the Apostle's" wife takes the opportunity "to administer natural refreshment to a sleeping infant," some dozen students the meanwhile being grouped around, and conversing affably with her and one another. After this we have a peep at the manners of the green-room, where Laura Tredman, the virtuous actress, sits before the looking-glass, with her two younger sisters helping her to dress, to one of whom she mildly observes:—"Bessie, darling, you have made me redder on one cheek than the other." Here the enamoured artist encounters the lovely original of the Kenite's wife, in the stage dress of a page, wearing knee-breeches and silk stockings, "which showed off every line of her voluptuous form," and has ample time "to sate his eyes with her perfections." His conquest is complete, he proposes, is accepted, and takes the bride elect to visit his family at Sutton Valence. In the country, however, the fickle Rowena strikes up a flirtation with Leofric Temple, the same wicked officer who had deceived poor Winifred Balchin. All she says, when the Captain kisses her in the passage, is "How mad, with the door open!" Mr. Wardlaw's conduct, when she elopes with his rival, will be thought rather tame for the hero of a novel. Imagine a lover pursuing his perfidious mistress, who, on coming up with the fugitives, insists, not on a duel, but on an immediate marriage between the lady and the partner of her flight at St. Martin-le-Grand; and who assists moreover himself at the interesting ceremony. It would be hard to say which involved the greater stress of imagination—the things done or the things said by the characters in this work. Imagine, for instance, a doctor saying in reply to a question about a patient, "It is impossible to give an opinion;

the structure of the human frame is very intricate." Imagine an actress sending a Sister of Mercy to remonstrate with a gentleman against his marriage to another actress. Lastly, imagine the feeling of jealousy having the extraordinary effect of turning a young man first very red and then very pale, and finally causing him "to swell up like muffins."

What conceivable purpose it can serve to publish such a book is a question which we must leave the authoress herself to answer. To coarseness and absurdity these volumes unite the farther defect of abounding in bad grammar. "Sisternal" (for sisterly), "unakin," and "bulleyism" are words happily unknown to the English language, which Miss Marryat, as long as she writes it, must be content to take as she finds it. We would gladly hope that she may yet produce something more worthy of her pretensions and of her undoubted abilities. But it is not encouraging to find that the faults of her earliest work are repeated with tenfold intensity in her last, while its merits are wholly wanting. If it were not for the announcement in the title-page, we should hardly believe that two such novels could proceed from the same hand.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THERE are, in the history of France as elsewhere, lives which seem as if meant to supply material to romance-writers, and to confirm the hackneyed phrase that truth is stranger than fiction. The whole range of imaginative literature does not present us with any episode more startling than the still unravelled problem of the Man with the Iron Mask; and, in a less tragic atmosphere, we find the life and adventures of the well-known Madame de Miramion, Bussy-Rabutin's heroine.\* Whilst relating her extraordinary career, M. Hippolyte Lucas was under no necessity of taxing his imagination, for the vicissitudes through which she passed were such as, if found in the pages of a novelist, would appear almost to exceed the usual license of sensational fiction. Madame de Miramion, condemned by what M. Hippolyte Lucas calls *un mari exigeant* to everlasting widowhood, had much ado to defend herself against suitors who were not accustomed to be kept long sighing. She gained the victory, however, and her dignified attitude under the most unfavourable circumstances overcame even the selfish and unprincipled cousin of Madame de Sévigné. The life of Madame de Miramion is very simply and yet fully told in this small volume, to which the author has added an appendix of historical documents. Some of these concern the lady herself; others relate to the Abbé de Choisy, whose eccentricities created such scandal two hundred years ago; and a third series refers to the witty but repulsive chronicle of the *histoire amoureuse des Gaules*.

M. Edouard Fournier knows the seventeenth century better than most antiquaries. Like Isaac Disraeli, he deals with the byways of history; anecdotes, petty details, legends, what many people would call trifles, are duly registered by him, and are made, through judicious arrangement, to describe an epoch or a character. How interestingly he has written the gossip of the streets of Paris! How amusing his prattle about the Pont Neuf, Corneille, and Molière! M. Fournier now discusses one of the great French classics, La Bruyère, and he manages to give us two volumes about a man whose biography is generally summed up in two pages. Comparing La Bruyère's *Caractères* with the other productions of the seventeenth century, principally memoirs and letters, he has succeeded in throwing fresh light upon a work which is still imperfectly understood, and in identifying most of the *dramatis personæ* whose names were prudently disguised when the book was first published.

The life of Madame Tallien has been a favourite subject for the contemplation of historians and philosophers. Is it indeed possible that the fascination exercised by a woman should have been the cause which stopped the career of Robespierre? Did the destinies of France on that fatal day, Thermidor 9th, really hang upon the smiles of a Venus? When great events are at stake it is perhaps useless to quarrel with the trifling character of the causes which have immediately produced them, and Pascal has already remarked that a difference in the length of Cleopatra's nose would most likely have altered the fate of the world. Madame Tallien's career is at any rate an interesting one, and it has now found a fitting historian in M. Arsène Houssaye.† It appears that when, a few years ago, the memoirs of Madame Récamier were published, some persons urged M. Houssaye to avenge her rival in beauty for the slighting way in which the fair Juliet had spoken of her. He was fortunately acquainted with Dr. Cabarrus, the son of Madame Tallien, and obtained from him the particulars which he has been enabled to work out into a very entertaining volume. After three curious letters selected by our author from the correspondence of his heroine, we have a preface explaining the purport and design of the work. M. Houssaye does not think that it is possible yet to estimate impartially the events of the French Revolution, and therefore he aims merely at giving a kind of panoramic sketch in which shall be grouped around Tallien and Madame Tallien the principal characters of the time. We may as well say that M. Houssaye is no apologist for revolutionary horrors. He believes, on the contrary, that "the guillotine can never be a means of governing." Autographs, engravings, portraits—all the resources of illustration have been pressed into

\* *Madame de Miramion*. Par Hippolyte Lucas. Paris: Dentu.

† *La Comédie de La Bruyère*. Par Edouard Fournier. Paris: Dentu.

‡ *Notre Dame de Thermidor, histoire de Madame Tallien*. Par Arsène Houssaye. Paris: Plon.

the service with a view to throw fresh interest around the life of "Our Lady of Thermidor."

On taking up the two volumes entitled *Histoire de la Puissance Pontificale*\*, our first impression was one of astonishment. Was it possible that a man of M. Viennet's age could venture on such a task as that of writing an account of the vicissitudes of the Holy See? The preface solved the mystery. Far from being an *ouvrage de circonstance*, the book in question had been composed in part more than fifty years ago, and fragments of it had been read in 1844 or 1845 at some of the sittings of the Académie Française. Other occupations afterwards engaged M. Viennet's time, and the manuscript remained apparently consigned to forgetfulness, when one of those absurd and futile acts which Popes will sometimes commit suddenly roused the ire of the witty academician. Pius IX. fulminated a bull against Freemasonry, denouncing that institution as an organized community of atheists, revolutionists, and robbers. M. Viennet felt the insult, for he was a Freemason himself, and, in consequence, he sent off his two volumes to the printers. The *Histoire de la Puissance Pontificale* is, therefore, virtually a sort of pamphlet; its publication is meant as an answer to the Pope's denunciations of M. Viennet's friends, and we must not, whilst perusing it, look for either impartiality or accuracy. The name of M. Viennet will no doubt secure to his book a certain degree of popularity, but the reader will very soon lay down this somewhat questionable contribution to Church history, and go back to the *spirituel* author's fables and apologues.

Everything nowadays is explained by physiology. With the *Chânes Benoît*, physiology is the great hobby of these latter times. Tell me what is your favourite beverage, says a philosopher of this school, and I will immediately give you the principal features of your moral character. M. Desbarrolles fully shares in this odd mania; but, considering the pompous style of his programme, it is surprising that his new work should contain so little.† He started for Germany, it appears, for the purpose of introducing a new system of Chiromancy. On his way it struck him that he might as well kill two birds with one stone, and write down his impressions of German character. With a view to this end he went everywhere—from the palace to the beer-house, from the studio of Cornelius to the smoky room of a *privat-douct*; and the result is before us in the shape of a small duodecimo containing bitter things against the poor Teutonic race. M. Desbarrolles has found out, by the laws of chiromancy, that the Germans are under the influence of the moon. They are idle, careless, fond of tipping—*c'est la lune!* Bad teeth, visual organs armed with spectacles, fat paunches, fair hair, blue eyes—*c'est la lune!* Dirty, fond of ease, boasting—*c'est la lune!* Regnard's famous *c'est votre lithargie* was at least more amusing and more sensible. By way of conclusion, M. Desbarrolles advises France to have nothing to do with Germany, unless it be in the way of fighting. Count Bismark, we hope, is duly cautioned.

M. Armand Landrin takes the readers of Messrs. Hachette's *Bibliothèque des Merveilles* on an excursion along the French seacoast.‡ His interesting little volume is a combination of natural history, technology, and geography. The sea and its principal inhabitants; lighthouses, with all the mysteries of their construction; the different kinds of fishing which are carried on from Dunkirk to Nice—such are the varied subjects of this book. The illustrations are numerous, and the instruction given by M. Landrin is not the less sound for being exceedingly simple in its character.

Amongst foreigners who have written in French, a conspicuous place must be set apart for Mr. Carlyle's hero, Frederic of Prussia.§ It would be impossible, indeed, to call him a first-rate writer; but his style is animated and picturesque, and the occurrences which he details possess an interest of their own which, even apart from all questions of a merely artistic nature, must ever secure popularity to the memoirs of the eccentric Fritz. The events which disturbed the peace of Europe between 1740 and 1778 form the subject of his book—*events quorum pars magna fuit*. Whatever political question arises during that epoch, the King of Prussia has a share in it; and as France also is engaged in the struggle, it follows that the memoirs of Frederic II. may claim, with almost equal justice, to be *pieces justificatives* of French and of German history. For this reason we think that they have been most appropriately included in M. E. Boutaric's collection. Moreover, hitherto it was impossible to procure them separately, as they were only printed in the *résumé* of the monarch's complete works; and, therefore, students who wanted to purchase them were compelled to buy likewise other productions which probably they did not care to have. The present edition has been carefully prepared from the last Berlin one; errors have been corrected, suppressed passages are restored, notes occur whenever necessary, and excellent indexes conclude the second volume. We can heartily recommend to the historical student this last publication of M. Boutaric, as well as all the others which have preceded it.

The recent instalment of lectures|| published under the sanction of the Paris Association Polytechnique are extremely valuable, and

are well calculated to diffuse amongst the working-classes sound notions on labour, wages, co-operation, and other economic subjects. M. Bathie discusses the problem of labour, and its relation to wages. He points out the necessity of a division of labour, and the means of remedying the inconveniences resulting from that division; and he concludes by showing how the claims of employers and employed can best be adjusted. The subject selected by another lecturer, M. Levasseur, leads us from the domains of theory to those of history. He endeavours to explain how work was conducted under the old *régime*, and he gives us an account of the corporations which enjoyed a monopoly of production in the several branches of manufacture and industry. The institutions of a country necessarily vary according to the state of civilization, and therefore it would be rash to say that corporations of workmen did no good whatever in former times. But those times are past and gone; freedom is the watchword of the nineteenth century, and, supported by a judicious and widely-diffused system of education, it must rule labour as well as everything else. M. Jules Duval's lectures may be considered as the sequel of that which we have just noticed. Co-operative societies form the theme of his investigations. He begins by showing how the co-operative principle can be applied, and the results which it produces; he then gives the theory of the system, and estimates with impartiality the facts which a careful study of the subject has brought before him. The last chapter of the book treats of currency. M. Wolowski, member of the French Institute, who is responsible for this part of the series, deprecates in the strongest terms the exclusive use of a paper currency; and he forcibly advocates specie payments, as guaranteeing the security of commercial transactions and the adequate remuneration of labour.

The new work which M. Hédouin has just written on Goethe\* professes to be derived chiefly from the well-known volumes of M. Lewes. The author remarks on the incomplete and unsatisfactory character of the memoirs and journals left by the poet. They are incomplete, because they stop eleven years before Goethe's death; and unsatisfactory, because they cannot always be trusted. We cannot say much of the small duodecimo now before us; it is a mere *résumé*, which gives nothing new. The last chapter is a long extract from Emerson's *Representative Men*. In the appendix M. Hédouin convicts Goethe of sundry plagiarisms from one of Sterne's most objectionable productions.

M. Alexandre Couvez takes us into a higher sphere of literary criticism, and the *Études Critiques*† of the eminent professor of Bruges deserve special attention. The author is in a certain sense a conservative, for, looking around him, he sees nothing but ruin. It is not merely that the last remains of an old society are being swept away by the hand of revolution; worse than this, faith and enthusiasm are everywhere replaced by scepticism, and the heart as well as the thought of man seems to him to be utterly perverted. At the same time, M. Couvez believes that it would be both wrong and unwise to yield to despair. Society is surely not condemned to die, although it may be at present in a transitional state; and, however strongly attached we may be to the past, it cannot claim our indiscriminate approval. Confining his survey to literary questions, M. Couvez remarks that all modern nations have a twofold intellectual origin; Christianity and Pagan antiquity having both contributed to their growth. It is to this *mélange* that he thinks we must ascribe the want of originality which is so characteristic of the so-called "classical" literature of France; and the great mistake of the literary innovators has been to suppose that originality consisted in altering, not merely the mould in which thoughts are cast, but the thoughts themselves. M. Couvez sees with sorrow the consequences of the famous crusade which was begun thirty years ago in the name of "art for art," and he longs for a reaction, which cannot be far distant if there is any truth in the proverb that, when things are at the worst, they are sure to mend. The *Études Critiques* may be considered as an attempt to introduce amongst *littérateurs* a more wholesome standard of thought than that which now obtains. The essays on Ballanche, on M. Victor Hugo's *Misérables*, and on M. Léveque's *Science du Beau* are those which more particularly claim notice.

M. S. S. Vreede has written a short pamphlet‡ in which he examines the political state of the Continent. He starts with the not very profitable assertion that the Treaties of 1815 are not really annulled, although modern diplomatists act as if they were. A Congress of Sovereigns agreed about them, having discussed each article singly and separately, and pledged themselves to enforce their observance. Now, what subsequent meeting of potentates, he asks, has repealed those treaties? When or where was the new Congress held which did away with the original one? In the meanwhile, the doctrine of accomplished facts has gained ground throughout Europe; the first adventurer who has energy and audacity enough annexes, invades, destroys, under the pretext that the Treaties of Vienna are so much waste paper; and, owing to the immoral theory that might is right, no one now can deem himself safe in the enjoyment of what really belongs to him. Such being the state of things, it is evident to M. Vreede that all the Powers which guaranteed the execution of the famous treaties should now interfere for the purpose of seeing them carried out; but the policy of abstention—or rather, to call it by

\* *Histoire de la Puissance Pontificale*. Par M. Viennet, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Dentu.

† *Le Caractère Allemand expliqué par la Physiologie*. Par Ad. Desbarrolles. Paris: Lacroix.

‡ *Les Plages de la France*. Par Armand Landrin. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Mémoires de Frédéric II., roi de Prusse, publiés par M. Boutaric*. Paris: Plon.

|| *Cours d'Économie Industrielle*. Recueilli et publié par Évariste Thévenin. 2<sup>e</sup> et 3<sup>e</sup> séries. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

\* *Goethe, sa Vie et ses Œuvres, etc.* Par Alf. Hédouin. Paris: Lacroix.

† *Études Critiques sur la Littérature et l'Art*. Par AL Couvez. Prague: Gailliard.

‡ *L'Angleterre et la Liberté du Continent*. Par S. S. Vreede. Utrecht: Broese.



its proper name, of pusillanimity—prevails, and the English Government stands by, calmly looking on at a remodelling of the map of Europe which is being accomplished in defiance of existing conventions. The Schleswig-Holstein affair ought, he argues, to have been prevented at once, but the Whig Cabinet, after a great deal of bluster, remained inactive; and the consequence is, to quote the well-known words uttered on the 4th of February, 1864, by Lord Derby, that, "thanks to the noble Earl (Russell) and the present Government, we have at this moment not one single friend in Europe." M. Vreede, we must add, is not less angry with the Conservatives than with the Whigs; and he concludes that, as England, the last great representative of constitutional freedom, is too much afraid to speak, Bismarck and Louis Napoleon will have it all their own way on the first plausible opportunity. Belgium must share the fate of Hanover, and at no distant period liberty will be nothing but a name. M. Vreede's able pamphlet has, we understand, been stopped at the French frontier. No wonder.

Madame Louise Colet is always getting into trouble. The most recent persecutions to which this modelling and pretentious lady has been subjected are duly detailed in the preface to *Les Derniers Marquis*, and the world will no doubt be delighted to hear that her name does not yet appear on the long list of those martyrs who have died for the cause of liberty. This little bit of autobiography is the most noteworthy part of a volume which professes to turn the old noblesse into ridicule, but which shows how very little the fair authoress knows about the subject of her satire. A companion duodecimo is announced, to be entitled *Les Derniers Abbés*. If Madame Colet is as well acquainted with the Church as she is with the aristocracy, her forthcoming publication will be amusing indeed.

Of the novels we can say little more than *sunt mala plura*. Madame Victorine Rostand's historical tales are introduced to the public with a few words of preface by Jules Jania.† They are prettily written, but are not very remarkable otherwise. M. Emmanuel Gonzales describes some of the numerous love episodes in the history of Henry IV.—*Le Vert Galant*, as he is often called. The work is an average specimen of the G. P. R. James school.‡ *Entre Chien et Loup*§ forms an exception to the stupid or nasty character of most modern French tales. M. de Pontmartin can write nothing either commonplace or objectionable. He places us amongst scenes of the present day, and intersperses a touching story with satirical remarks which bring back to our mind the *Jeu de Madame Cheronneau*. Finally, does the reader wish to know what a Quaker thinks of Paris and of the civilization of the nineteenth century? Read M. Assollant's squib.|| It contains much that is absurd, but at the same time we find in it some very apposite remonstrances against our favourite hobbies.

- \* *Les Derniers Marquis*. Par Madame Louise Colet. Paris: Dentu.
- † *Les Sarrasins*, &c. Par Madame Victorine Rostand. Paris: Lévy.
- ‡ *Les Amours du Vert Galant*. Par Em. Gonzales. Paris: Dentu.
- § *Entre Chien et Loup*. Par A. de Pontmartin. Paris: Lévy.
- || *Un Quaker à Paris*. Par Alfred Assollant. Paris: Laurois.

## NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication. Cloth Cases for Binding all the Volumes may be had at the Office, price 2s. each. Also, Reading Cases, price 2s. 6d. each.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**THE SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION of WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS** will be OPENED to the Public on Monday, November 5. All Works intended for Exhibition should be sent in not later than October 28.—T. McLEAN'S New Gallery, 7 Haymarket, next the Theatre. H. CLOTHIER, Hon. Sec.

**ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES**, Jermyn Street.—Dr. FRANK WILAND, F.R.S., will commence a Course of FORTY LECTURES on INORGANIC CHEMISTRY on Monday next, October 8, at Ten o'clock, to be continued on each succeeding Wednesday, Friday, and Monday at the same hour. These Lectures will be delivered at the Royal College of Chemistry, Oxford Street. Fee for the Course, 4s.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE**, London.—The EVENING CLASSES for Classics, Modern Languages, Mathematics, Physical Science, Chemistry, History, Geography, Education, the various branches of Law, and other Subjects, will commence on Monday, October 15. The Prospectus containing full particulars of these Classes may be obtained on application, either personally or by letter, at the Office of the College, Gower Street, W.C.

CHAR. C. ATKINSON, Secretary.

**UNIVERSITY of EDINBURGH**.—The SESSION will commence on Thursday, November 1, 1866. Full details as to Classes, Examinations, Degrees, &c., in the Faculties of Arts, Divinity, Law, and Medicine, together with a List of the General Council, will be found in the "Edinburgh University Calendar, 1866-67," published by Messrs. MACLAGLAN & STEWART, South Bridge, Edinburgh. Price 3s. 6d.; per post, 3s. 9d.

By Order of the Senate.

ALEX. SMITH, Secretary of the University.

**BEDFORD COLLEGE** (for Ladies), 48 and 49 Bedford Square. Session 1866-67.—The INAUGURAL LECTURE will be delivered by ADOLPHUS REIMANN, Ph.D., on Wednesday, October 10, at Three o'clock. Admittance free to Ladies and Gentlemen on presenting their Visiting Cards. The CLASSES will begin on Thursday, October 11.

The School re-opened on September 27.

Prospectus and all particulars may be obtained at the College.

JANE MARTINEAU, Hon. Sec.

**INDIA and CEYLON CIVIL SERVICES**.—There are Vacancies for Resident and Non-resident STUDENTS at the CIVIL SERVICE HALL, where staff of Teachers includes Oxford and Cambridge Graduates in High Honours. This year five of the successful candidates were wholly or partially prepared at the Civil Service Hall. The highest references.—Address, A. D. BRANDELL, Esq., M.A., 15 Vineyard Square, Gray's Inn, W.

**THE INDIAN and HOME CIVIL SERVICES**, Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Inns.—CLASSES for Pupils preparing for the above; Terms moderate.—Address, MATTHEW, 14 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

**CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS**.—Two OXFORD MEN, engaged in Public Offices, prepare PUPILS for the various Home Civil Service and other Examinations.—For Terms, &c., address M. A., 36 Elgin Crescent, Notting Hill.

**NAVAL CADETS**.—EASTMAN'S R.N. Establishment, SOUTHSEA.

In August, 1865, of 16 Pupils, SIXTEEN PASSED.  
In December, 1865, of 17 Pupils, FIFTEEN PASSED.  
In August, 1866, of 23 Pupils, TWENTY PASSED.

Being FIFTY-ONE successful out of FIFTY-SIX.

For every information address Dr. SPOONER, as above.

**MORNING PREPARATORY CLASS for the SONS of** Gentlemen (exclusively), 13 Somerset Street, Portman Square. The Michaelmas Term will commence Tuesday, October 9.

**TUTOR**.—A CLERGYMAN residing in a delightful Watering-place, well known as a successful Tutor, has a Vacancy for ONE PUPIL, to join two others preparing, respectively, for the University and Army.—The highest possible testimonials on application to CLARENCE, Post Office, Cirencester.

**MENTONE**.—A SON of the Chaplain of the Western Bay, who has lately been engaged as a MASTER in a Grammar School, and purposes taking Holy Orders, intends spending the Winter at Mentone, and would be glad of Two or Three PUPILS, whom he would make Companions.—Address, B., 14 Somerset Street, Portman Square, London, W.

**EDUCATION (ABROAD)**, for Noblemen and Gentlemen's SONS.—A BRITISH CHAPLAIN, M.A., a thorough Linguist, and who has hitherto been very successful in preparing Boys for the Public Schools, the Army, Civil Service, &c., has now TWO VACANCIES. French and German always spoken. Highest references.—Address, R. H., Professor Driver's, 46 Regent Street, W.

**LAW ARTICLED PUPIL**.—SOLICITORS of Forty Years' Standing in a Country Town in the West of England (one of the Partners holding Public Appointments) have a Vacancy for a well-educated Gentlemanly YOUTH, who can be received into the House of one of the Partners if desired.—For terms, apply to Messrs. KIRK, BRANFORD, WITT, & CO., Law and Mercantile Accountants, 69 Chancery Lane, W.C.

**MEDICAL EDUCATION**.—The ADDRESSES on MEDICAL EDUCATION delivered at St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, Paddington, by the Archbishop of YORK (1864), Professor OWEN (1865), and Professor HUXLEY (1866), may be obtained, together with the Prospectus for the ensuing Winter Session, on application to LEANER HARR, Dean of the School.

**HEAD-MASTERSHIP**.—EASTBOURNE COLLEGE.—President.—His Grace the Duke of DEVONSHIRE. Wanted, a HEAD-MASTER, a Graduate in Honours at Oxford or Cambridge, for the College about to be established at Eastbourne.—Applications, with Testimonials, to be sent on or before October 13, addressed to the Hon. Secretary, J. H. CAMPION COLES, Esq., Claremont House, Eastbourne.

**TUTOR WANTED**, in the Family of an English Physician residing at Bucharest, for THREE BOYS, aged respectively Thirteen, Ten, and Six. He will be required to prepare the eldest for Matriculation at the London University. Only a moderate Salary can be given. State terms and full particulars, by letter, to R. H. MILSON, Esq., 18 College Crescent, Belgrave Park, London.

**SECRETARY WANTED** for the THAMES and MERSEY MARINE INSURANCE OFFICE, Liverpool. Salary, £500 a year. Age not to exceed Forty-five years.—Applications by letter, stating qualifications and giving references, to be sent in, addressed to the CHAIRMAN, at the Office, not later than Saturday the 13th October instant.

**ARCHITECTURE**.—A GENTLEMAN, aged 26, desires a JUNIOR PARTNERSHIP or an Engagement as SENIOR ASSISTANT in the above Profession, a knowledge of which he has gained in several first-class London Offices, and by Continental and Home Travel. The Country preferred. No objection to a situation not strictly Architectural, but in which a knowledge of Architecture would be advantageous.—Address, A. G., care of F. Cartwright, Law Stationer, 57 Chancery Lane, W.C.

**THE NILE**.—A CLERGYMAN, Cantab. and Fellow of his College, proposes to pass the coming Winter in Egypt, and wishes to meet with a PUPIL or COMPANION.—Address, Rev. C. S. J., Great Finborough Parsonage, Stowmarket.

**INDIA**.—A highly Eligible and Lucrative OPPORTUNITY for a Man of moderate Capital, in an excellent Climate, may be heard of by addressing Colonel T. ALFRED LANCASTER, 27 North Audley Street, Grosvenor Square, at as early a date as practicable.

**TEA ESTATE**.—ELIGIBLE INVESTMENT.—GENTLEMEN desirous of investing from £2,000 to £10,000 in the Purchase of a SHARE of a TEA PLANTATION, and of learning the Culture of Tea under an educated, scientific, and eminently successful Scotch Gardener, can hear of an exceptionally favourable opportunity of purchasing a Share in a first-rate Tea Plantation in the healthy climate of the Indian Himalayas, by applying for particulars, personally or by letter, to Messrs. HARRIS, FORD, LANGRISH, & LONGBOURNE, 4 South Square, Gray's Inn.

**DR. MAJOR TESTIMONIAL FUND**.—SUBSCRIPTIONS may be sent to the Treasurer, the Rev. BEAUFIELD JACKSON, M.A., King's College, or to the Western Branch of the Bank of England, Burlington Gardens, W. C. W. KITT, Hon. Sec.

**ROSHERVILLE HOTEL**.—The ROSHERVILLE HOTEL COMPANY, Limited, beg to announce that during the Winter Season FAMILIES and GENTLEMEN will be accommodated at this Hotel by the Week or Month, on very reasonable terms.—For terms and all other information apply to Mr. JAMES WATTS, Manager, at the Hotel.

**BEN RHYDDING**. Physicians.—WM. MACLEOD, M.D., F.R.C.P.E.; THOMAS SCOTT, M.D. Edin.; M.R.C.S.E. BEN RHYDDING is especially adapted for the Hygienic and Therapeutic treatment of Chronic Diseases during the months of Winter and Spring.—For detailed Prospectus address T. MANSER, Ben Rhydding by Leeds. Cabs wait the arrival of the Trains at the Ben Rhydding Station.

**HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM**, SUBBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill, Surrey.—Physician, Dr. EDWARD LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. Univ.—For the treatment of Chronic Diseases, principally by the combined Natural Agents—Air, Exercise, Water, and Diet. The Turkish Baths on the Premises, under Dr. Lane's Medical Direction.

**LAVERS & BARRAUD**, Artists in Glass, Wall Painting and Mosaic, and Designers of Monumental Brasses. Endell Street, Bloomsbury, London; and at 93 Bridge Street, Manchester.

**ECCLESIASTICAL and DOMESTIC DECORATION**, &c. HARLAND & FISHER, 33 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C. Ecclesiastical Decorators, &c., and Manufacturers of every description of CHURCH and DOMESTIC MEDIEVAL FURNITURE, Paper Hangings, &c. Designs and Estimates furnished, or an Illustrated Priced Catalogue, upon application. Robes, Surplices, &c.

**STAINED GLASS WINDOWS and CHURCH DECORATIONS**.

HEATON, BUTLER, & BAYNE, GARRICK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON. Illustrated Catalogue, post free, 3s. 6d.

MAPPIN, WEBB, & COMPANY.

TABLE CUTLERY—THE BEST ONLY.

QUALITY GUARANTEED.

NOS. 77 & 78 OXFORD STREET, or 71 & 72 CORNHILL.

TO SPORTSMEN.—HOLLAND'S NEW DIRECT-ACTION

CENTRAL-FIRE BREECH-LOADERS are the best Guns out. They combine simplicity in their action with the property of close and hard shooting. The Cartridge Cases being easily recapped, and capable of being thrice reloaded, make these Guns the most economical in use. A Commodious Ground, with every requisite arrangement for a proper trial of the shooting powers of the Guns.—H. HOLLAND, Gunmaker, 39 New Bond Street.

## NEW ZEALAND TRUST and LOAN COMPANY

Limited.  
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL, £500,000.Trustees.  
ROBERT BROOKS, Esq., M.P. G. GRENfell GLYN, Esq., M.P.  
J. J. CUMMINS, Esq.Directors.  
Sir CHARLES CLIFFORD. Captain H. CARR GLYN, R.N.  
F. G. DALGETY, Esq. H. SELFE SELFE, Esq.  
R. A. BROOKS, Esq. G. FENNING, Esq.

Bankers—Messrs. GLYN, MILLS, CURRIE, &amp; CO.

The Directors continue to issue Debentures of £100 and upwards, for periods of Three to Seven Years, bearing interest at 5 per cent. per annum, payable Half-yearly, at their Bankers', by Coupon.

The amount of these Debentures is limited and secured by the uncalled Balance of the Subscribed Capital of the Company, which must always be of an equivalent or greater amount. They also form a first charge upon real and other property in New Zealand, on which it is the business of the Company to grant Loans by way of Mortgage.

Further particulars may be obtained and application made at the Offices of the Company.

By Order of the Board, THOS. D. SAUNDERS, Secretary.

31 New Broad Street, London, E.C.

METROPOLITAN DISTRICT RAILWAY COMPANY.  
LOANS ON DEBENTURES.—The DIRECTORS are prepared to receive Tenders for Loans in Sums of not less than £100, on the following terms:

6 per Cent. per Annum for a period of Three years.  
5 1/2 do. do. do. Five do.  
5 do. do. do. Seven do.

By Order, GEORGE HOPWOOD, Secretary.

6 Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street, S.W.

BOMBAY, BARODA, AND CENTRAL INDIA RAILWAY.

**FIVE PER CENT. GUARANTEED DEBENTURES.**—The DIRECTORS of this Company are prepared to receive applications for the Balance unallotted of £500,000 DEBENTURE BONDS, bearing interest at 5 per cent. per annum, payable on 1st January and 1st July in each year, the Principal being repayable on the 1st July, 1871; or, at the option of the Holders, the Loan may be extended for a period of five years upon giving six months' previous notice. The Holders will also have the option (except during the last six months of each period of five years) of converting the Bonds into the Stock or Shares of the Company. The payment of the Principal and Interest is guaranteed by the Secretary of State for India in Council. Bonds will not be issued for sums of less than £100. Interest on the amount paid will commence two days after payment.

Forms of Application may be obtained at the Company's Offices.  
Offices, 45 Finsbury Circus, London, E.C. J. A. BAYNES, Secretary.  
September 7, 1866.

## IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

1 OLD BROAD STREET, and 16 and 17 FILL MALL, LONDON.

Established 1803.

SUBSCRIBED AND INVESTED CAPITAL AND RESERVE FUND, £1,900,000.

Insurances due at Michaelmas should be renewed within Fifteen days thereafter (last day October 1st), or the same will become void.  
All Policies are now chargeable at the Reduced Rate of Duty, viz. 1s. 6d. per cent.  
JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

**PHENIX FIRE OFFICE.—REDUCTION OF DUTY.**—The Reduced Duty of 1s. 6d. per Cent. per Annum is now charged on all Insurances effected, whether on Buildings, Furniture, or Stock.  
Lombard Street and Charing Cross, October 1866. GEO. W. LOVELL, Secretary.

Established 1824.

**SCOTTISH UNION INSURANCE COMPANY (Fire and Life), 37 CORNHILL, LONDON.** Capital, £5,000,000.  
Fire and Life Insurances on the most liberal terms and conditions.  
37 Cornhill, London. FREDK. GARLE SMITH, Secretary to the London Board.

**PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE, 50 Regent Street, London, W.**  
Established 1806.

INVESTED CAPITAL, £1,663,915. ANNUAL INCOME, £203,438.

BONUSES DECLARED, £1,451,157.

CLAIMS PAID SINCE THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE OFFICE, £3,908,452.

President.—The Right Honourable Earl GREY.

Managing Director.—JOHN A. BEAUMONT, Esq.

The principle upon which the Surplus Profits are divided in the PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE between the Insured and the Shareholders, gives to each interest a share proportionate to its respective contributions to the Society.

The advantages which this principle of allotment gives to the Policy Holders is shown by the following statement:—

Out of £253,195, the amount of Profit upon the recent Division, £9,375 only was apportioned to the shareholders, and the remaining sum of £243,820 was allotted among the various Policies entitled to Bonus.

The parties insured thus enjoy the advantages of a mutual Society, and are relieved from any liability.

Examples of Bonuses added to Policies issued by the Provident Life Office.

Number of Policy.	Date of Policy.	Annual Premium.	Sum Insured.	Amount with Bonus additions.
4,718	1825	£ s. d. 19 15 10	5,000	£ s. d. 10,632 14 2
3,924	1821	165 4 2	5,000	10,164 19 0
4,507	1821	205 13 4	4,000	9,637 2 2
2,017	1816	122 13 4	4,000	8,576 11 2
3,944	1821	49 15 10	1,000	2,498 7 6
788	1808	29 18 4	1,000	2,317 13 5

The Forms of Proposal for Insurance are prepared with a view of giving the life proposed the least possible trouble.

INSURANCES may be effected in any part of the Kingdom by a Letter addressed to the SECRETARY, 50 Regent Street, London, W.

## GENERAL LIFE and FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

62 KING WILLIAM STREET, London.

Established 1837.

BRANCH OFFICES:  
BIRMINGHAM ..... TEMPLE ROW.  
BRISTOL ..... ALBION CHAMBERS, SMALL STREET.  
BLACKBURN ..... 1 EXCHANGE BUILDINGS.  
EDINBURGH ..... 2 ST. ANDREW'S SQUARE.  
GLASGOW ..... 30 ROYAL EXCHANGE SQUARE.  
LIVERPOOL ..... 15 TITHEBARN STREET.  
MANCHESTER ..... 3 MARKET PLACE, MARKET STREET.  
NEWCASTLE ..... 4 ROYAL ARCADE.  
SHEFFIELD ..... 10 NORFOLK STREET.

CAPITAL, ONE MILLION.

Established 1837.

The MICHAELMAS FIRE RENEWAL RECEIPTS are now ready, and may be had at the Head Office, or of any of the Agents of the Company.

Transfers from other Companies at the same Terms, and without Expense.  
Settlements prompt and liberal.

THOMAS PRICE, Secretary.

**£250,000 HAVE BEEN PAID AS COMPENSATION FOR ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS, BY THE RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.**

An Annual Payment of £3 to £6 secures £1,000 in case of Death, or £5 per Week while laid up by Injury. For particulars apply to the Local Agents at the Railway Stations, and Offices, 6 Cornhill, and 10 Regent Street.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

## RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS and HERALDIC DEVICES.

Designed and Engraved as Gems of Art. Steel Dies Engraved.—NOTE PAPER and ENVELOPES Stamped in Colour Relief, and Illuminated in the most elegant Style.

CARD-PLATE elegantly engraved, and 100 Superfine Cards printed, for 4s. 6d.

WEDDING CARDS, WEDDING ENVELOPES, BALL PROGRAMMES, CARDS, and BILLS OF FARE, Printed and Stamped with Crest or Address, in the latest Fashion.

At HENRY RODRIGUES, 42 PICCADILLY, LONDON, two doors from Sackville Street.

## CHUBB'S PATENT LOCKS and SAFES, with all the

newest Improvements. Street-door Latches, Cash and Dead Boxes, Strong-Box Doors. CHUBB & SON, 57 St. Paul's Churchyard, London; 16 Market Street, Manchester; 28 Lord Street, Liverpool; and Moreley Field, Wolverhampton. Illustrated Price Lists sent free.

**MILLINERY for AUTUMN.**—Messrs. JAY have received an importation of the most elegant MILLINERY in every Class and Design which the authors and patrons of French Fashions have produced and accepted for the current Season.

THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,

247, 249, and 251 Regent Street.

**ROBES COURTES, for HALF-MOURNING.**—The Public can only judge of the Style and Material of HALF-MOURNING ROBES COURTES by personal inspection, but Messrs. JAY beg to assure their Patrons that the Half-Mourning Robes imported by them this Season are of the most elegant Design, at a moderate Cost, and suited to every useful occasion.

JAYS,

247, 249, and 251 Regent Street.

**MANTLES.**—Messrs. JAY beg to announce to their distinguished Patrons and the Public the arrival of their Paris MANTLES.

THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,

247, 249, and 251 Regent Street.

**ATKINSON & CO. CABINET MAKERS, UPHOLSTERS, CARPET WAREHOUSEMEN, FURNISHING DRAPERS, and HOUSE AGENTS, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD.**

**A BEAUTIFUL DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE,** with Illustrative Sketches of CABINET FURNITURE and DECORATIVE UPHOLSTERY, sent free per post, or given on application. The Stock, corresponding to the List, is marked in plain figures, and comprises:

DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE

In New and Elegant Designs, covered in Rep. Terry Cloth, French and Silk Damask, &c. This Department is also enriched with the latest Parisian Novelties, Cabinets, Whittos, Drawers, &c.

Good Solid Dining-room Sets in Mahogany and Oak.

Iron and Brass Bedsteads in great variety.

The new Patent Spring Mattress still stands alone for Cheapness and Comfort.

The Bedding is all made on the premises, and under personal inspection. Their famous Polished Pine Bed-room Suites demand special attention.

Extract from the "Builder."

"We were shown a short time since a bed-room fitted up by an Earl for his own occasional occupation at the seaside, in which every piece of furniture, save the iron bedstead, was made of the white wood in question. Dressing-table, washstand, drawers, towel-rails, and chairs were as spotless as the crest of the waves beating on the shore, and the very height of cleanliness seemed attained."

THE STOCK OF CARPETS

Is one of the choicest in London, embracing Turkey, Velvet Pile, Brussels, Kidder, Felt, &c. Floor Cloth, Kamptulcon, Linoleum, and Cork Carpet, cut, fitted, and laid down to any size and plan.

Furnishing Drapery of every description.

Damask, Rep. and Pekin Chintzes, French and English Chintzes, &amp;c.

THE STOCK OF HOUSEHOLD LINEN

Is well worthy the attention of Clubs, Hotels, and large Consumers, who will be treated with on most liberal terms.

ATKINSON &amp; CO.

196, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, and 210 WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON.

**TO CHARITABLE DONORS, the MANAGERS of PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, ASYLUMS, and HOMES.**

The peculiar circumstances of this year, the late Monetary Crisis, and the consequent depression of the Markets, in the midst of which ATKINSON & CO. made large cash purchases, enable them now to offer unusual advantages in the supply of BEDDING, BLANKETS, COUNTERPANES, and SHEETING, besides every description of material for Warm Winter Clothing.

ATKINSON &amp; CO.

196, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, and 210 WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON.

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

**CRINOLINE.—LADIES** should at once see THOMSON'S NEW STYLE, which, light, graceful, and elegant in outline, combines comfort and economy with the very latest fashion. Observe the name, "Thomson," and the Trade Mark "A Crown."—Sold every where.

**CHALET CHAIRS.**—HOWARD & SONS, 26 and 27 Berners Street, solicit the Gentry to inspect their new CHALET CHAIRS. Being varied in form, they are adapted to all kinds of Reception Rooms, and an indispensable Luxury to every Lady's Boudoir.

**WILLIAM SMEE & SONS** respectfully caution intending Purchasers of the "SMEE'S SPRING MATTRESS, TUCKER'S PATENT," or "SOMMER TUCKER," against various imitations and infringements preserving somewhat the appearance of the Original, but wanting all its essential advantages.

Each Genuine Mattress bears the Label "Tucker's Patent" and a Number.

The "Smee's Spring Mattress, Tucker's Patent" received the only Prize Medal or Honourable Mention given to Bedding of any description at the International Exhibition, 1862, and may be obtained, price from 2s., of most respectable Bedding Warehousemen and Upholsters, and Wholesale of the Manufacturers.

WILLIAM SMEE &amp; SONS, Finsbury, near Moorgate Railway Terminus, London, E.C.

**EASY CHAIRS, COUCHES, and SOFAS, Best Quality.**—

Upwards of 300 different Shapes constantly on View for Selection and Immediate Delivery. Easy Chairs made to any shape on approval.—AT. H. FILMER & SONS' Manufactory, 31, 33, and 35 Berners Street, W.; and 31 and 33 Charles Street, Oxford Street, W.

An Illustrated Priced Catalogue sent post free.

**FENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS, and CHIMNEY-PIECES.**—Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, IRONS, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or exquisiteness of workmanship. Bright Stoves, with ornamental ornaments, £1 10s. to £3 10s.; Burned Fenders, which stand 7s. to £5 10s.; and Fenders, £3 3s. to £11; ditto, with rich ornamental ornaments, from £3 3s. to £18; Chimney-pieces, from £1 10s. to £100; Fire-irons, from 3s. 6d. the set to £4 4s. THE BURTON and all other PATENT STOVES, with radiating hearth-plates.

**CLOCKS, CANDELABRA, BRONZES, and LAMPS.**—

WILLIAM S. BURTON invites inspection of his Stock of these, displayed in two large Show-Rooms. Each article is of guaranteed quality, and some are objects of pure Vertu, the productions of the first manufacturers of Paris, from whom William S. Burton imports them direct.

Clocks, from ..... 7s. 6d. to 245 6s. 6d.

Candelabra, from ..... 12s. 6d. to 416 10s. 6d. per pair.

Bronzes, from ..... 15s. 6d. to 416 10s. 6d.

Lamps, moderate, from ..... 6s. 6d. to £9 0s. 6d.

Pure Colza Oil, 4s. per Gallon.

**WILLIAM S. BURTON, GENERAL FURNISHING**

IRONMONGER, by appointment, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, sends a CATALOGUE gratis, and post paid. It contains upwards of Six Hundred Illustrations of his well-stocked Stock of Sterling Silver and Electro-Plate, Nickel Silver and Britannia Metal Goods, Dish-Covers, Hot-Water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimney-Pieces, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gasaliers, Tea Trays, Urns, and Kettles, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Baths, Toilet Ware, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bedroom Cabinet Furniture, &c., with Lists of Prices, and Plans of the Twenty large Show-Rooms, at 39 Oxford Street, W.; 1, 1A, 3, 5, and 6 Newman Street; 4, 5, and 6 Perry's Place; and 1 Newman Yard, London.

**FARROW & JACKSON, the Original Manufacturers of**

WROUGHT-IRON WINE BINS, Registered Cellular Bins, Machines, Tools, and Utensils for the Wine and Spirit Trade, 18 Great Tower Street, City, and 8 Haymarket, where they solicit an inspection of Cellars fitted with every variety of Wine Bins.—French Wine Bins, at 15s. per 100 Bottles.

ESTABLISHED UPWARDS OF A CENTURY.

**BUTLER, McCULLOCH, & CO., Covent Garden, W.C.**

Holders of Prize Medals from International Exhibitions of both 1851 and 1862.

Seedsmen to Her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests, and the Commissioners for the Colonies, to the Horticultural Societies of the Punjab, Bombay, &c. &c. &c.

Flower Garden decoration, 100s., 20s., 25s., 21s., 15s., 10s., 6d. For Flower Garden decoration, 100s., 20s., 25s., 21s., 15s., 10s., 6d.

Illustrated Priced Catalogue sent free on application. All Orders amounting to 21s. and upwards sent Carriage free.

**CARTER'S DUTCH BULBS.—CARTER'S GUINEA BOX**

OF DUTCH FLOWER ROOTS contains: 12 choice named Hyacinths for Pots or Glasses; 12 mixed Hyacinths for Borders; 4 varieties of Polyanthus Hyacinths; 12 Pheasant-eye Narcissus; 12 double white sweet-scented Narcissus; 100 Cloth of Gold Crocus; 30 blue and white striped Crocus; 12 choice double mixed Tulips; 12 choice single mixed Tulips; 4 mixed white striped Crocus; 12 choice double mixed Tulips; 12 choice single mixed Tulips; 12 single Duc Van Thol Tulips; 12 double Daffodils; 12 Camperwell Jonquils. Box and packing included.

The above forwarded on receipt of Post Office Order for 21s.; half the above for Post Office Order for 10s. 6d. Price List gratis and post free.

JAMES CARTER & CO., 27 and 238 High Holborn, London, W.C.